New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR | AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume 10. New Oxford, Pa., Friday, July 12, 1889. Number 52.

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Veterinary Surgeon; Graduate of the Chicago Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford every other Thursday, and will treat domestic animals of all kinds. Calls promptly attended to. Orders left with G. Klingel, next door to ITEM office will receive prompt attention.

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FRANKLIN HOUSE,
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DRUG —AND— JEWELRY STORE!

N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

-J. W. DICKS-

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Pure Drugs,
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Chemicas,
Patent Medicines,
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Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco.
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.

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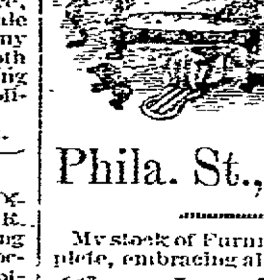

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P. FEISER'S
CHEAP
FURNITURE ROOMS,
Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

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Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock o

Sideboards, Bedsteads,

Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money, than any house in the county. UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches.
1feb89 PETER FEISER.

To the General Public!

NEW DRUG STORE

J. W. Barnitz,

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Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,
Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery,
Dye
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such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable prices.

GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.,
AT NEW OXFORD.

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FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER SEED, TIMOTHY SEED, FLAX SEED, HAY,

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H. J. MYERS

An Irish-American Republic.

A number of prominent Irish-Americans held a private meeting last Thursday evening in Chicago, to discuss the feasibility of organizing an Irish-American Republic, to advance the interest of Ireland and the Irish race. After a lengthy discussion it was unanimously decided to adopt a plan of action formulated and proposed by William L. Griffin. Accordingly an organization was perfected, to be known as the Irish-American Republic Association, and an election of officers was held. It is the intention of the projectors of the above-named association to organize a land syndicate, composed of influential and wealthy Irishmen, and send representatives to Canada, Chili, Peru, and Mexico. The latter country, it is understood, would be willing to dispose of Lower California or a neighboring State, under certain conditions, with the privilege of establishing an Irish-American Republic thereon.

The money expended in improvements, necessaries and lands will be secured by mortgage without interest or at a very low rate of interest and will be collected in small annual instalments the same as rent. This money will be utilized to build and equip a navy, organize an army, develop the resources of the country and establish a Republic.

Said one of the men interested in the movement: "Should Canadian land be secured an effort will be made to colonize it with 1,000,000 Irish and Irish-American farmers. This number of Irishmen, with the addition of the Irish already in Canada and the assistance of the French-Canadian element, would, it is thought, be able to capture the Canadian Government and convert it into a powerful Franco-Irish Republic.

"The only opposition likely to occur to the formation of a Franco-Irish Republic will be in the province of Ontario. This opposition, however, will be suppressed by throwing the disaffected portion of this province into the American Union. When once within the jurisdiction of the United States the neutrality laws will keep the inhabitants in check and compel them to become reconciled to their situation. But should England dispute the authority of her Franco-Irish subjects to assume exclusive control of Canadian affairs, and declare war against them, the neutrality law would not prevent the enormous emigration of Irishmen from this country to Canada."

The Philadelphia Times says: "The organization of a society in Chicago to promote the purchase of territory for an Irish-American republic somewhere on the Western continent, leads to the suspicion that the professional Irishmen are finding the old methods of raising money from the real Irish-Americans of this country worn pretty threadbare. To this extent the new movement is a hopeful sign.

"The American citizens of Irish birth or parentage should allow the new scheme to die of lack of sustenance at once. This American republic is good enough refuge for Irish people who want to enjoy the blessings of freedom, and the best thing those who have availed themselves of its privileges could do is to earn all the money they can and spend it in making themselves and their families as comfortable as possible.

Especially should they refuse to contribute to any cause advocated for the professional Irishmen who have been living in luxury on the contributions of industrious Irish men and women given with the expectation that the money would be used to free Ireland.

One of the worst cases of revenge upon a mother-in-law is reported from Buenos Ayres. The young man had quarreled with the woman and left her. He then advertised in the papers that at the house where she was living, "a domesticated crocodile" was for sale, and for days the poor old lady was besieged by hundreds of bidders for the curiosity.

Amasa Sprague, elder brother of the late Gov. Wm. Sprague, of Rhode Island, and once the owner of $10,000,000, has just accepted an election to the office of sheriff of Kent county in that State, an office worth $300 or $400 a year.

A Microscopist Penman.

It is said that the champion microscopist penman of the world lives in Belfast, Waldo county, Maine. His name is Rila Kittredge, and although and although past 77 years of age his hand is as steady and his sight as keen as ever. He wrote one of President Cleveland's messages to Congress—about 15,000 words—on the back of a postal card, but lately he has done some fine scribbling which throws that performance in the shade. He has written the Lord's Prayer eight times on a space the size of a five-cent silver piece, eighteen columns of the Boston Post upon a postal card and is now engaged in the work of putting 28,305 words upon a postal card. The work is so fine that a powerful microscope has to be used in reading it, but then every letter appears distinct and beautiful. Mr. Kittredge uses a common steel pen and wears spectacles. He has autograph letters from several Presidents and other distinguished men who have received samples of his work, President Garfield having sent him his photogragh and a kind letter, which are highly prized by the old man.

The question of the annexation to Chicago of the closely adjoining suburbs of Hyde Park, Lake View, Cicero and Jefferson was voted on last week. All the suburbs named were carried by the annexationists. The various towns will give to Chicago an additional population of nearly 200,000, bringing the total up to probably 1,100,000. The territory annexed will give Chicago a total area, approximately estimated, of about 174 square miles, making the largest city in area in the United States.

An Oklahoma special dated July 4, says: A great celebration was held here to-day and thousands of people assembled to witness the feats of horsemanship and see the races. Several large excursion trains came in with visitors eager to enjoy the holiday and note the growth of Oklahoma. A grand stand, hastily constructed, fell to the ground in the midst of the festivities. Two hundred persons were injured, over one hundred of whom are seriously hurt, although only one child was instantly killed.

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

The longest examination of a witness on record has just been completed in New Jersey. Richard E. Stephens, the famous Union Pacific expert, has been giving testimony on the average of three days a week for over two years in the case of the State of New Jersey against the Morris and Essex Road for arrears of taxes. The evidence is all in, and the argument began this week.

John Snyder died of hydrophobia on the public highway near Danville, Illinois, last week. He and his family set out in a covered wagon from Lehigh county, Pa., for Missouri. Shortly after Snyder was bitten by a stray dog. At Danville his condition was so serious that the family came to a halt. They were in destitute circumstances, and the body was buried in the potter's field.

During the recent flood in the Potomac a rick of straw, upon which were four hogs and a pup, all belonging to Mr. William Cook, floated off from Poffenberger's island upon which he lived. A few days ago he found straw, hogs and pup safe and sound near Harper's Ferry, where they had lodged.

Typhoid fever in something like an epidemic form has been prevailing in the vicinity of Tannery, near Westminster, [illegible] for a month or more. The virulence of the disease is not abated. The prevalence of the disease is attributed to the frequent overflow of the Patapsco during the spring months.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure indigestion, heart burn, costiveness and all malarial diseases. Twenty-five cents per bottle.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

A New Bug That Ruins Crops.

Farmers from different parts of Iowa report that a strange insect has been found at work in the cornfields. It is a small green bug, which works at the roots of the corn and seems to destroy its vitality. The ground in some fields appear to be fairly alive with these pests. Under a magnifying glass they are found to have heads armed with pinchers, between which is a sort of proboscis that is used to puncture the stalk. Corn attacked by these pests turns yellow and ceases to grow, and a large number of fields have been attacked.

There will be a short harvest in many sections along the Susquehanna this year. Many farmers along the river and in the valley of its tributaries have suffered great damage to their crops, and in many instances there will be no harvest at all. The water did a fearful work of destruction that has not as yet been fully estimated in the losses entailed by the great flood. Many of these sufferers in out-of-the-way places will bear their sufferings alone, the outside world learning little of their losses and privations.

A young Lancaster girl, maddened by jealousy, made a deliberate attack about midnight last Thursday night on her boon companion. Ida Elliott was sitting on her mother's steps with a young man named Rote, when Lizzie Karkessner came along. With the remark, "I said I'd fix you," Lizzie leveled a revolver at Ida's head and fired. The contents, which, fortunately, were only powder, struck Ida's nose and entered her eyes and face. Her face is badly burned, and the sight of the left eye may be wholly destroyed. Immediately after the shooting Lizzie walked coolly away but was arrested next morning and held for a hearing.

A strange exhibition of religious insanity happened at Bayonne, N. J., one day last week. Miss Leoni Steuvenal, who had lost her reason through excessive study, during the absence of her attendants, made an attempt to crucify herself. She secured a hammer and hat pins, removed her clothing and endeavored to nail herself to the door of her room. She succeeded in driving the pins through one hand and foot before she was discovered, and though the wounds were bleeding freely she gave no sign of pain. She is seriously injured.

Mail advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated that his hair has turned snow white, that his clothes are in rags, and that he is without shoes, being obliged to use skins [to] cover his feet.

[illegible] mance[illegible]

A curious instance of [illegible] sale at [illegible]ing distress growing [illegible] re. Hand in town flood comes [illegible] London paper says 500 [illegible]pel picnic will [illegible] lies are reported to be [illegible]ee on Tuesday, for relatives lost in the [illegible] Valley. [illegible] gation of this [illegible] annual picnic on [illegible]

Numerous fissures have [ap]peared in the [illegible] near the Mystic Cuba, and ha[illegible] created [illegible] order, is among the [illegible] of [illegible]burg. Some of the f[illegible] are 600 feet [illegible] 24 feet [illegible] 20 feet deep. [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of Northampton co[illegible], Va., [illegible] on the [illegible] at Eastville [illegible], was [illegible] killed by the north bound train on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk railroad.

The report comes from the village of Albany, Minn., that [illegible] diphtheria has broken out [illegible] families. The churches and schools have been closed. [illegible] deaths have occurred so far.

[Y]ou are troubled with a hacking [illegible] Downs' [illegible] will give you [illegible] at once. Warranted as recommended or money refunded.
[illegible] J. W. Barnitz

Mrs. T[illegible] was totally [illegible] for 5 years. The other day [illegible] the first [illegible] was [illegible] daughter, and [illegible] how [illegible]

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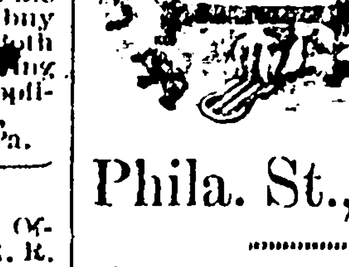

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Amasa Sprague, elder brother of the late Gov. Wm. Sprague, of Rhode Island, and once the owner of $10,000,000, has just accepted an elec[illegible] to the office of sheriff of Kent county in that State, an office worth $300 or $400 a year.

A Microscopist Penman.

It is said that the champion microscopist penman of the world lives in Belfast, Waldo county, Maine. His name is Rila Kittredge, and although and although past 77 years of age his hand is as steady and his sight as keen as ever. He wrote one of President Cleveland's messages to Congress—about 15,000 words—on the back of a postal card, but lately he has done some fine scribbling which throws that performance in the shade. He has written the Lord's Prayer eight times on a space the size of a five-cent silver piece, eighteen columns of the Boston Post upon a postal card and is now engaged in the work of putting 28,305 words upon a postal card. The work is so fine that a powerful microscope has to be used in reading it, but then every letter appears distinct and beautiful. Mr. Kittredge uses a common steel pen and wears spectacles. He has autograph letters from several Presidents and other distinguished men who have received samples of his work, President Garfield having sent him his photogragh and a kind letter, which are highly prized by the old man.

The question of the annexation to Chicago of the closely adjoining suburbs of Hyde Park, Lake View, Cicero, and Jefferson was voted on last week. All the suburbs named were carried by the annexationists. The various towns will give to Chicago an additional population of nearly 200,000, bringing the total up to probably 1,100,000. The territory annexed will give Chicago a total area, approximately estimated, of about 174 square miles, making the largest city in area in the United States.

An Oklahoma special dated July 4, says: A great celebration was held here to-day and thousands of people assembled to witness the feats of horsemanship and see the races. Several large excursion trains came in with visitors eager to enjoy the holiday and note the growth of Oklahoma. A grand stand, hastily constructed, fell to the ground in the midst of the festivities. Two hundred persons were injured, over one hundred of whom are seriously hurt, although only one child was instantly killed.

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

The longest examination of a witness on record has just been completed in New Jersey. Richard E. Stephens, the famous Union Pacific expert, has been giving testimony on the average of three days a week for over two years in the case of the State of New Jersey against the Morris and Essex Road for arrears of taxes. The evidence is all in, and the argument began this week.

John Snyder died of hydrophobia on the public highway near Danville, Illinois, last week. He and his family set out in a covered wagon from Lehigh county, Pa., for Missouri. Shortly after Snyder was bitten by a stray dog. At Danville his condition was so serious that the family came to a halt. They were in destitute circumstances, and the body was buried in the potter's field.

During the recent flood in the Potomac a rick of straw, upon which were four hogs and a pup, all belonging to Mr. William Cook, floated off from Poffenberger's island upon which he lived. A few days ago he found straw, hogs and pup safe and sound near Harper's Ferry, where they had lodged.

Typhoid fever, [illegible] something like an epidemic form, has been prevailing in the vicinity of Tannery, near Westminster, [illegible] for a month or more. The vi[illegible]ence of the disease is [illegible] abat[illegible]. The prevalence of the disease is [illegible]ributed to the frequent overflow of the Patapsco during the spring months.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure indigestion, heart burn, costiveness and all malarial diseases. Twenty-five cents per bottle. For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

A New Bug That Ruins Crops.

Farmers from different parts of Iowa report that a strange insect has been found at work in the cornfields. It is a small green bug, which works at the roots of the corn and seems to destroy its vitality. The ground in some fields appear to be fairly alive with these pests. Under a magnifying glass they are found to have heads armed with pinchers, between which is a sort of proboscis that is used to puncture the stalk. Corn attacked by these pests turns yellow and ceases to grow, and a large number of fields have been attacked.

There will be a short harvest in many sections along the Susquehanna this year. Many farmers along the river and in the valley of its tributaries have suffered great damage to their crops, and in many instances there will be no harvest at all. The water did a fearful work of destruction that has not as yet been fully estimated in the losses entailed by the great flood. Many of these sufferers in out-of-the-way places will bear their sufferings alone, the outside world learning little of their losses and privations.

A young Lancaster girl, maddened by jealousy, made a deliberate attack about midnight last Thursday night on her boon companion. Ida Elliott was sitting on her mother's steps with a young man named Rote, when Lizzie Karkessner came along. With the remark, "I said I'd fix you," Lizzie leveled a revolver at Ida's head and fired. The contents, which, fortunately, were only powder, struck Ida's nose and entered her eyes and face. Her face is badly burned, and the sight of the left eye may be wholly destroyed. Immediately after the shooting Lizzie walked coolly away but was arrested next morning and held for a hearing.

A strange exhibition of religious insanity happened at Bayonne, N. J., one day last week. Miss Leoni Steuvenai who had lost her reason through excessive study, during the absence of her attendants, made an attempt to crucify herself. She secured a hammer and hat pins, removed her clothing and endeavored to nail herself to the door of her room. She succeeded in driving the pins through one hand and foot before she was discovered, and though the wounds were bleeding freely she gave no sign of pain. She is seriously injured.

Mail advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated that his hair has turned snow white, that his clothes are in rags, and that he is without shoes, being obliged to use skins [illegible] cover his feet.

A curious instance of the [illegible]mance [illegible] sale at [illegible]ing distress growing o[illegible]re. Hand in town flood comes fr[illegible] London paper says 500 [illegible]pel picnic will [illegible]ilies are reported to be [illegible]ce on Tuesday, for relatives lost in the [illegible] Valley. [illegible]gation of this [illegible]ay[illegible]al picnic on

Numerous fissures [illegible] have [illegible] peared in the [illegible] near the Mystic [illegible] Cuba, and ha[illegible] created [illegible]rder, is a[illegible] among the in[illegible]ants of that burg. Some of the f[illegible] are 600 feet [illegible] 24 feet [illegible] 20 feet deep. [illegible]

[illegible], of Northampton co[illegible] Va[illegible] on the s[illegible] at [illegible]stville Friday, was r[illegible] killed by the north bound train on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk railroad.

The report comes from the village of Albany, Minn., that [illegible] diphtheria has broken out [illegible] families. The [illegible] schools have been closed. [illegible] deaths have occurred so far.

[illegible] you are troubled with a "hacking cough," Downs' [illegible] will give you relief at once. Warranted [illegible] recommended or money refunded.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Mrs. Todd [illegible] Bronson, Mich., was totally bl[illegible] for 15 years. The other day her [illegible] suddenly came back. The first [illegible] saw was her [illegible]ughter, and her first remark was: "My! how you [illegible]..."

A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Let him who eats not, think he eats,
'Tis one to him who last year said.
"My neighbor dines on dainty sweets
And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares
Hath pangs beneath his silken vest;
The rougher life hath fewer cares—
Who fasts hath sounder rest.

If lean the body, light the wings:
His fancy hath more verge and room
Who feasts upon the wind that brings
The flowers of hope to bloom.

So, if no smoking turkey grace
This day my clean but humble board.
I'll think what might have been my case
If rich, and thank the Lord.

No gout awaits my coming age.
No bulbous nose like lobster red,
To vex my temper into rage,
Or fill my days with dread.

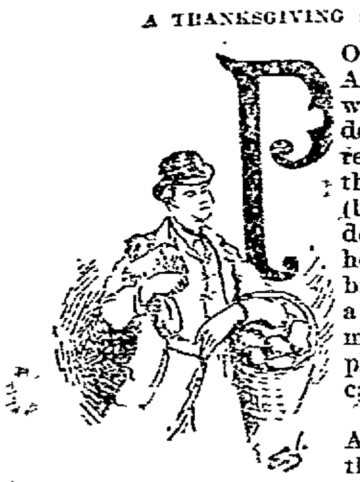
Leave to the rich his roast and wine;
Death waits on him who waits for all;
The doctor will be there by nine.
By twelve the priest will call.

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways
Keep me, lest it should hap be worse;
Teach one to fill his mouth with praise
Who never filled his purse.

—F. B. Plympton.

THE UNPROBATED WILL

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

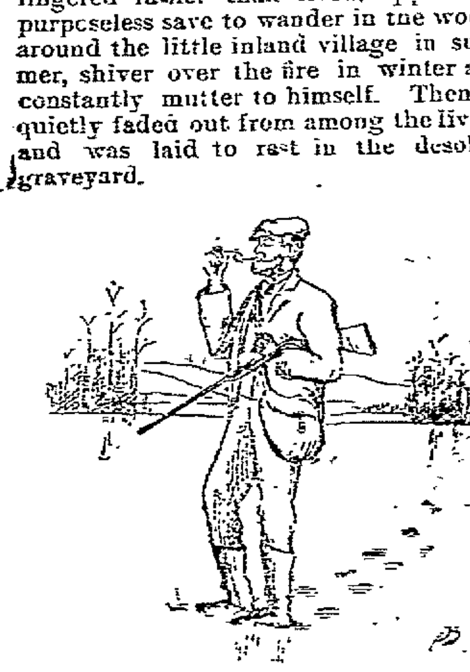


POOR as John Austin was, he was made more desperate by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead) who came home to them broken in health a silent, "queer" man, as the people of Beachton called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whither he had gone.

For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative.

For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little inland village in summer, shiver over the fire in winter and constantly mutter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard.



Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reappearance was as sudden and unexplained as his departure. He came on foot and alone, and the only thing certain about him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity o[illegible] daughter and her husband; those [illegible]ted with his last sickness and heavy. A single dollar added to [illegible] outlay of any man whose only cap[illegible]is hands and only income is from [illegible] is no light affair.

[illegible] previous to Thanksgiving [illegible] taken place—used up [illegible] ready money and left a [illegible]ed. In the flickering light [illegible]sband and wife sat sadly [illegible]he outlook, and gloomy in[illegible] The last of the little brood [illegible]ed into bed, the fierce wind [illegible]n Winter was howling [illegible] shone brightly but [illegible] heavy banks of [illegible] fierce snowstorm, [illegible] so bitterly what [illegible] for the [illegible] wife, after a long si[illegible] and with a heavy [illegible] to-[illegible] will be Thanksgiving to call a [illegible] are reckoning upon. Having [illegible]

"Yes," he replied, with [illegible] and tears in his eyes [illegible] good [illegible] only knows where [illegible] to come from. The care and death of your father—I don't say it complaining, wife, for you have said it a thousand times—has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. However, we darlin' shan't be disappointed if I can help it, and if you can manage the [illegible] and little [illegible] I'll see what can be done about getting something in the shape of meat. I reckon what a miserable thing it is to be poor and never have any money when you need it most."

"Yes, dear, it is hard, but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful for."

"And many a rich man would give more than the sum necessary to make us comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged in no fanciful dreams of turkey and a huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as oyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, take his gun, go to the woods and see if he could not "knock over" something for a Thanksgiving feast.

Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a rousing fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest, for game, like money, has a perverse fashion of being out of the way when most wanted.

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the icy blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatched from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, luscious fowls they were, and the vision of how happy his wife and children would be in the eating arose before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience whispered. "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not vocally. "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner."

Pushing on again over the broad meadow he struck the road—an unbroken one now—that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was passing the log cabin of a family even poorer than his own, for the husband was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney—the most natural thing to do upon such a day—and saw no smoke. Either the poor man must be dead or the supply of wood had given out. Instantly his own situation was forgotten and he was not long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find. "I'll run over to neighbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots of dead timber on this land, and he isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot."

To accomplish his purpose he was forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and get as much wood as you can haul. But you will have to cut it. Everything down must be snowed under except it may be some rotten stuff that is of no account."

"All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys—the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away."

Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercy—hastened as fast as an ox team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go.

Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward.

A strong-armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the trunk, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the chopping.

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be brighter than you anticipated. Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner."

He had gotten some little distance when the woman shouted:

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!"

"Mine?" he questioned, returning.

"Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious, but it is marked plain enough."

In mute astonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the snow. It was a small affair, battered, worn, stained and as he afterward said might have come out of the ark. A piece of buckskin was looped through the handles and rudely marked, "Mrs. Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton, Penn-ylvania, U. S."

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with the most stupid[illegible] at the satchel, then at the [illegible] and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gasped out the single word:

"There!"

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family," and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears.

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?"

"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"But Jane—"

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day—and—and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors," and up went the apron again.

"Mother," broke in the eldest of the hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an investigation of the satchel, and who had spelled out the address, "it's your name, and such queer writing!"

Thus reinforced John Austin explained that he had found it in a hollow log and suggested that it be opened. The wife looked dubiously at it for an instant and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"It is father's writing. Open it as quick as ever you can."

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unsealed, directed to his wife, and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever. James Selfridge."

"Sounds like a will," said the husband, "and we'll see what the old man has left."

Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nuggets, evidently the savings of a miser miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods

Overcome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered around the table upon which it had been piled, and laughed and cried together. The millions of an regnant prince or railway king was nothing compared to the few hundreds to them. Then came the natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was hastily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it and were frigthened nearly into convulsions when a loud rap was heard on the door and with it a command to open.

It was only their neighbor Sampson with more good things, and as he sat warming his numbed hands and feet he told how good John had been as to the afflicted family.

"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my turkeys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

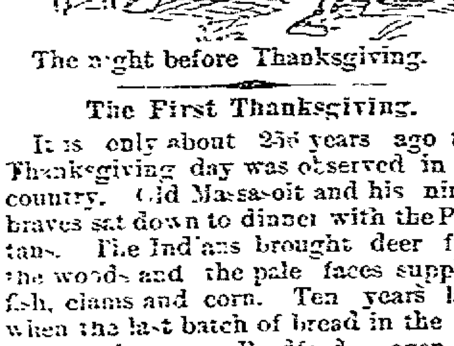
Then Austin and his wife unbosomed themselves, showed the gold, the letter, and asked advice. It was judiciously given and with congratulation the farmer hurried away, happy at having done a good action.

At a late hour for "country folks" their dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, and when the stuffed children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed him more warmly than since the days of her courtship as she whispered:

"To think I should accuse you of being drunk! And you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to help others! You dear old John."

N. B.—That will was never probated.

A Runaway Couple.



The night before Thanksgiving.

The First Thanksgiving.

It is only about 256 years ago that Thanksgiving day was observed in this country. Old Massasoit and his ninety braves sat down to dinner with the Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven and starvation was staring our New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The coat-basque is again revived.

Sashes grow apace in popular affection.

Braided silver bracelets are in high favor.

Indoor dress skirts are frequently demi-trained.

Wool laces are still used, but to a very limited extent.

Butterflies of gold filagree are popular hair ornaments.

Directoire and Empire designs are favored for little girls.

Several German ladies enjoy a very good practice as dentists.

A string of gold dollars is the fancy of the hour in queen chains.

Flounces, both gathered and plaited, are noted upon dressy costumes.

The oldest woman is New York is Mrs. Sarah Rockwood, of Cortland.

A newspaper entitled the *Women's Penny Paper* is to be started in London.

Party dresses for little girls are made of India silk or cashmere in very light colors.

The new Persian Minister says American woman are the handsomest in the world.

Ostrich bands, lying flat on the brim, are a favorite trimming for felt hats for misses.

Women do the work of ushering people to their places in most of the theatres in Paris.

At the banquet to Kaiser William at the Viennese court the ladies all kept their gloves on.

At the "Beauty Show" recently held at Spa, Germany, eleven different countries were represented.

Looped draperies and big bustles are still worn by some women and advocated by some creators of fashion.

Queen Victoria will be presented with a dress of black silk pillow lace by the ladies of the Maltese nobility.

The first prima donna was Mrs. Coleman, who, in 1656, sang in Sir William Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes."

A tablet to the memory of Mrs. Sigourney, the poet, has been erected in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.

The small toque trimmed with ribbon only is the favorite morning wear of the fashionable New York woman.

Big bonnets are fashionable on the other side, but New York women cling to the little capote and the fanchon.

Skirts, which for the last few years appeared to be growing shorter and shorter, are now worn much longer.

Ladies' mantles are to be of such immense length and enveloping powers that the figure will be practically lost.

Mrs. Mackay recently presented her daughter, Princess Colona, with a pair of jeweled bracelets valued at $45,000.

The University of France has awarded Les Palmes Academiques to Patti. It is an order very rarely bestowed on any one.

Mme. Goeffrin once said that there were three things that women threw away—their time, their money and their health.

The Women's Rights Association of London contemplates running four or five lady candidates for seats in the County Council.

The Duchess of Rutland is a writer on social topics. With a view to enlarging her field of observation she will soon come to America.

Mlle. Sumcaret, a Guadeloupe creole, won the prize of $2000 at the Belgian beauty show. She now considers herself some carats finer.

In England it is quite the thing for ladies to carry Directoire sticks, although they must always accompany a costume made in the same style.

Many of the most stylish new gowns have the front flat and perfectly plain, with either a sash or long tabs of trimming stuff to stimulate one.

Very large Directoire pokes, partly covering the ears, and tied down with very broad strings that pass over the top of the bonnet, will be worn.

Miss Martha Aldrich, of Lake Village, N. H., will soon sail for Tokio, Japan, to take charge of an institute for educating high caste Japanese ladies.

The day of the long sealskin cloak is about over. Short sealskin jackets are coming into fashion. The Louis XV. jacket is also looming up again.

Shoulder capes of seal and Persian lamb with their India silk gowns, and deep collars of monkey or leopard with those of heavier texture are popular.

The wife of Senator Blair has been elected a trustee of the New Hampshire Normal School, and is the first woman to be chosen for such a position in that State.

The Queen of Sweden rides about on a little pony, and likes to have the children come up and give her posies, for which she sometimes rewards them with a kiss.

A New York woman is making quite a success in treating her sex for ugliness. She warrants to render an ugly woman presentable and a plain one fairly handsome.

Belgium has decided that a woman can remain beautiful until she is thirty-five. That was the maximum age at the international beauty show which is just over at Spa.

The only trimming used on black silk dresses when made entirely of one kind of silk, faille, gros grain, peau de soie or moire, are jet passementeries and fine black chantilly lace.

The new black striped woolens are stylishly made into redingote gowns with the wide turned-down collar, cuffs, pocket flaps, and so on, faced with green or fawn or mahogany cashmere.

THE BATTLE-BEES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THEIR SWARMING.

Were you there when the columns swirled about?
Did you hear the cannons' rattle?
Did you hear the regiments' lusty shout,
And the hum of the bees of battle?

The bees that hummed in the air were of lead;
How they sang through the leafy bowers!
And the juice of the flowers which they drank was red—
How the battle-bees fed on flowers!

The flowers of homes in the sunny South,
Of homes in the North deserted—
How they bowed their heads in the fiery drouth,
How the bees among them flirted.

How they swarmed in the '60's summer tide,
How they flew through the forest singing,
How they stung as they sang and the flowers died—
Died suddenly from the stinging!

Were you there when the bees came humming through,
Were you there when they so beset us,
When the honey they made with so much ado
Was sweeter than that of Homettus?

Was it sweet? Ah, it was! So I say again:
Its sweetness was told in story—
It was deadly sweet to the armies twain—
But the honey was only glory.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not on the maps—Emin Bey.

Acrobats of the table—Tumblers.

A milky way—From farm house to dairy.

A hard working thing—The stone-crusher.

The girl with the sloe black eye sees quick enough.

The man who is well off should not think of coming home sick.

Teaching gee-ology with a gad—Breaking steers. Haw, haw!

When a schoolboy begins to write his name he makes his initial blunder.

Nature made the first pin with a head: to it—The terrapin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? It is a secret still.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

Most of the people who come to want, by the way, do not want to come.—*Somerville Journal.*

Will Knott is a Washington gentleman, who, when he is in a hurry, signs his name "Won't."

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Wife—"You never call me an angel, now, John." Husband—"I am willing to call you one, my dear."

A new brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

Christmas is called the time of good cheer, which may account for Christmas being a hollerday.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Why was Goliah surprised when he was struck by a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it.

We asked a toper t'other day,
And asked it without guile.
"It asked to drink what would you say?"
He answered: "I should smile."

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils and the bulrush is out.

It requires push to succeed in business, whether it be running a newspaper, keeping a country store, or wheeling a baby carriage.

Yeast—"I think Bacon is a very generous fellow. How does he strike you?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, he strikes me for a V once a week."

First Sweet Girl—"What? Did that creature say I looked like a simpleton?" Second Sweet Girl—"No, she said you acted like one." "Oh!"

It all depends on the way it is said. It makes a great difference whether you call a man a "slick citizen" or a "polished gentleman."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Teacher—"Miss Ingenue, will you please give us an example of capillary attraction?" Miss Ingenue—"A handsome mustache."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Irascible Wife (to husband)—"You are no match for me, sir." Husband (weakly)—"If I am not, my dear, why do you always want to scratch me."—*Mercury.*

Joanna, in the kitchen, waxes angry with the chambermaid, and frigidly remarks: "If there is anything that I hate it is somebody I don't like!"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

A suburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first to get on good terms with the girl: second, with the dog, and third, with the parents.

All but four of the police of Fernandina, Fla., have had the yellow fever. In this they show their difference from the London police, who never catch anything.—*New York World.*

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'Tween a present quite fine and a vile rotten tooth?
I'll tell you at once, without any fuss making,
She's a keepsake, and the other keeps aching.

—*Mercury.*

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A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Let him who eats not, think he eats,
'Tis one to him who last year said:
"My neighbor dines on dainty sweets
And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares
Hath pangs beneath his silken vest;
The rougher life hath fewer cares—
Who fasts hath sounder rest.

If lean the body, light the wings;
His fancy hath more verge and room
Who feasts upon the wind that brings
The flowers of hope to bloom.

So, if no smoking turkey grace
This day my clean but humble board,
I'll think what might have been my case
If rich, and thank the Lord.

No gout awaits my coming age,
No bulbous nose like lobster red,
To vex my temper into rage,
Or fill my days with dread.

Leave to the rich his roast and wine;
Death waits on him who waits for all;
The doctor will be there by nine,
By twelve the priest will call.

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways
Keep me, lest it should hap be worse;
Teach one to fill his mouth with praise
Who never filled his purse.

—*F. B. Plympton.*

THE UNPROBATED WILL

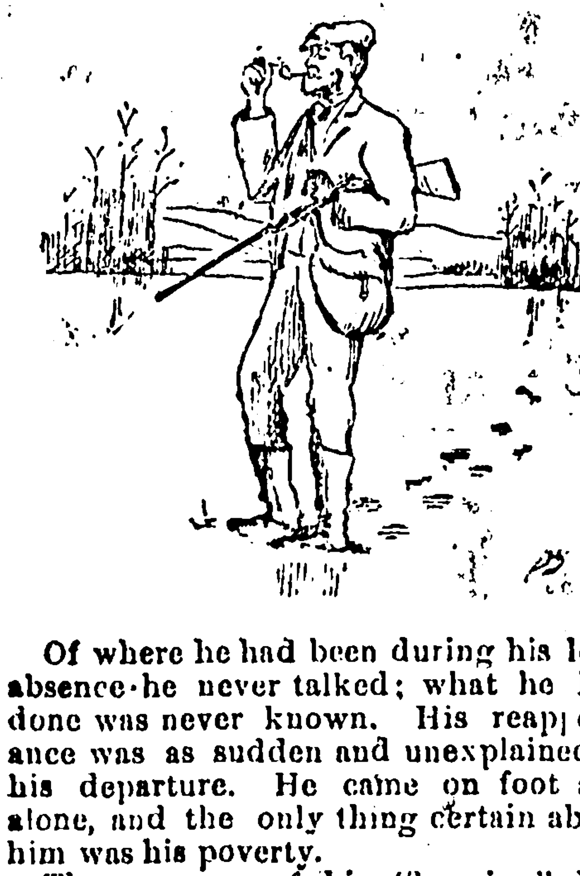
A THANKSGIVING STORY.

POOR as John Austin was, he was made more desperate by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead), who came home to them broken in health a silent, "queer" man, as the people of Beachton called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whither he had gone.

For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative.

For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little inland village in summer, shiver over the fire in winter and constantly mutter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard.



Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reappearance was as sudden and unexplained as his departure. He came on foot and alone, and the only thing certain about him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity o... daughter and her husband; those ...ted with his last sickness and ...heavy. A single dollar added to ... outlay of any man whose only cap... is hands and only income is from ... is no light affair.

AN, Il... the ankles o... previous to Thanksgiving matism, Prof. ... taken place—used up caused by a w... of ready money and left a is shortness ...d. In the flickering light ness when h... sband and wife sat sadly ... he outlook, and gloomy in- ering spells The last of the little brood New Cure. ...ed into bed, the fierce wind Thomarth... ...n Winter was howling ... shone brightly but his family he sta... v. heavy banks of the first ...d the ... fierce snowstorm, and wa... ...e notic... ...o bitterly what ... poor know ... August ...eans for the ...

"John," said his wife, after a long si-...ice and with a heavy sigh, "to-... It ...w will be Thanksgiving ... to call a ... sle... en are reckoning upon ... Having ... Fl... "Yes," he replied, with ... he ... al ... and tears in his eyes ... the ... good ... only knows where it ... to come from. The care and death of your father—I don't say it complaining, wife, for you have said it a thousand times—has not only taken the last cent, but left us a ... it w... ...ke months to pay. However, ... darling, ... shan't be disappointed if I ... help it, ... if you can manage the ... and little ... I'll see what can be ... about ... thing in the sh... of meat. ... what a miserable thing it is to ... and never have any money when you ... it most."

"Yes, dear, it is hard, but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful for."

"And many a rich man would give more than the sum necessary to make us comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged in no fanciful dreams of turkey and a huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as oyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, take his gun, go to the woods and see if he could not "knock over" something for a Thanksgiving feast.

Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a rousing fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest, for game, like money, has a perverse fashion of being out of the way when most wanted.

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the icy blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatched from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, luscious fowls they were, and the vision of how happy his wife and children would be in the eating arose before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience whispered: "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not vocally: "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner."

Pushing on again over the broad meadow he struck the road—an unbroken one now—that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was passing the log cabin of a family even poorer than his own, for the husband was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney—the most natural thing to do upon such a day—and saw no smoke. Either the poor man must be dead or the supply of wood had given out. Instantly his own situation was forgotten and he was not long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find, "I'll run over to neighbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots of dead timber on this land, and he isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot."

To accomplish his purpose he was forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and get as much wood as you can haul. But you will have to cut it. Everything down must be snowed under except it may be some rotten stuff that is of no account."

"All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys – the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away."

Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercy—hastened as fast as an ox team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go.

Tramping along after the sled, Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward.

A strong-armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the trunk, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the chopping.

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be brighter than you anticipated. Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner."

He had gotten some little distance when the woman shouted:

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!"

"Mine?" he questioned, returning.

"Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgotten it. Anyhow, it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious, but it is marked plain enough."

In mute astonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the snow. It was a small affair, battered, worn, stained and as he afterward said might have come out of the ark. A ... of buckskin was looped through the handles and rudely marked: "Mrs. Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton, Pennsylvania ... S."

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gasped out the single word:

"There!"

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family," and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears.

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?"

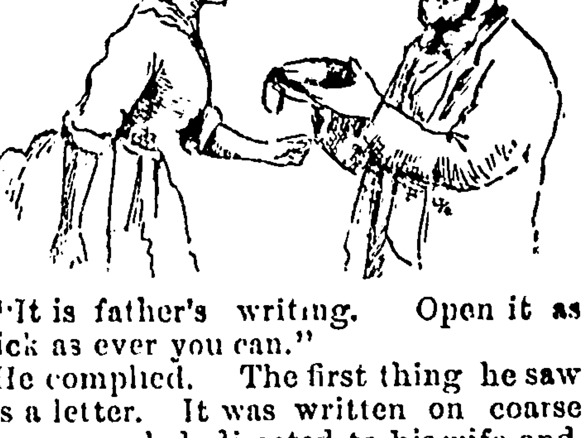
"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"But Jane—"

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day—and—and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors," and up went the apron again.

"Mother," broke in the eldest of the hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an investigation of the satchel, and who had spelled out the address, "it's your name, and such queer writing!"

Thus reinforced John Austin explained that he had found it in a hollow log and suggested that it be opened. The wife looked dubiously at it for an instant and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:



"It is father's writing. Open it as quick as ever you can."

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unsealed, directed to his wife, and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever. James Selfridge.

"Sounds like a will," said the husband, "and we'll see what the old man has left."

Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nuggets, evidently the savings of a miser miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods.

Overcome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered around the table upon which it had been piled, and laughed and cried together. The millions of a merchant prince or railway king was nothing compared to the few hundreds to them. Then came the natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was hastily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it and were frigthened nearly into convulsions when a loud rap was heard on the door and with it a command to open.

It was only their neighbor Sampson with more good things, and as he sat warming his numbed hands and feet he told how good John had been as to the afflicted family.

"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my turkeys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

Then Austin and his wife unbosomed themselves, showed the gold, the letter and asked advice. It was judiciously given and with congratulation the farmer hurried away, happy at having done a good action.

At a late hour for "country folks" their dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, and when the stuffed children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed him more warmly than since the days of her courtship as she whispered:

"To think I should accuse you of being drunk! And you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to help others! You dear old John."

N. B.—That will was never probated.

A Runaway Couple.

The night before Thanksgiving.

The First Thanksgiving.

It is only about 250 years ago that Thanksgiving day was observed in this country. Old Massasoit and his ninety braves sat down to dinner with the Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven and starvation was staring our New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The coat-basque is again revived.

Sashes grow apace in popular affection.

Braided silver bracelets are in high favor.

Indoor dress skirts are frequently demi-trained.

Wool laces are still used, but to a very limited extent.

Butterflies of gold filagree are popular hair ornaments.

Directoire and Empire designs are favored for little girls.

Several German ladies enjoy a very good practice as dentists.

A string of gold dollars is the fancy of the hour in queen chains.

Flounces, both gathered and plaited, are noted upon dressy costumes.

The oldest woman is New York is Mrs. Sarah Rockwood, of Cortland.

A newspaper entitled the *Women's Penny Paper* is to be started in London.

Party dresses for little girls are made of India silk or cashmere in very light colors.

The new Persian Minister says American woman are the handsomest in the world.

Ostrich bands, lying flat on the brim, are a favorite trimming for felt hats for misses.

Women do the work of ushering people to their places in most of the theatres in Paris.

At the banquet to Kaiser William at the Viennese court the ladies all kept their gloves on.

At the "Beauty Show" recently held at Spa, Germany, eleven different countries were represented.

Looped draperies and big bustles are still worn by some women and advocated by some creators of fashion.

Queen Victoria will be presented with a dress of black silk pillow lace by the ladies of the Maltese nobility.

The first prima donna was Mrs. Coleman, who, in 1656, sang in Sir William Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes."

A tablet to the memory of Mrs. Sigourney, the poet, has been erected in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.

The small toque trimmed with ribbon only is the favorite morning wear of the fashionable New York woman.

Big bonnets are fashionable on the other side, but New York women cling to the little capote and the fanchon.

Skirts, which for the last few years appeared to be growing shorter and shorter, are now worn much longer.

Ladies' mantles are to be of such immense length and enveloping powers that the figure will be practically lost.

Mrs. Mackay recently presented her daughter, Princess Colona, with a pair of jeweled bracelets valued at $15,000.

The University of France has awarded Les Palmes Academiques to Patti. It is an order very rarely bestowed on any one.

Mme. Goeffrin once said that there were three things that women threw away—their time, their money and their health.

The Women's Rights Association of London contemplates running four or five lady candidates for seats in the County Council.

The Duchess of Rutland is a writer on social topics. With a view to enlarging her field of observation she will soon come to America.

Mlle. Sumcaret, a Guadeloupe creole, won the prize of $2000 at the Belgian beauty show. She now considers herself some carats finer.

In England it is quite the thing for ladies to carry Directoire sticks, although they must always accompany a costume made in the same style.

Many of the most stylish new gowns have the front flat and perfectly plain, with either a sash or long tabs of trimming stuff to stimulate one.

Very large Directoire pokes, partly covering the ears, and tied down with very broad strings that pass over the top of the bonnet, will be worn.

Miss Martha Aldrich, of Lake Village, N. H., will soon sail for Tokio, Japan, to take charge of an institute for educating high caste Japanese ladies.

The day of the long sealskin cloak is about over. Short sealskin jackets are coming into fashion. The Louis XV. jacket is also looming up again.

Shoulder capes of seal and Persian lamb with their India silk gowns, and deep collars of monkey or leopard with those of heavier texture are popular.

The wife of Senator Blair has been elected a trustee of the New Hampshire Normal School, and is the first woman to be chosen for such a position in that State.

The Queen of Sweden rides about on a little pony, and likes to have the children come up and give her posies, for which she sometimes rewards them with a kiss.

A New York woman is making quite a success in treating her sex for ugliness. She warrants to render an ugly woman presentable and a plain one fairly handsome.

Belgium has decided that a woman can remain beautiful until she is thirty-five. That was the maximum age at the international beauty show which is just over at Spa.

The only trimming used on black silk dresses when made entirely of one kind of silk, faille, gros grain, peau de soie or moire, are jet passementeries and fine black chantilly lace.

The new black striped woolens are stylishly made into redingote gowns with the wide turned-down collar, cuffs, pocket flaps, and so on, faced with green or fawn or mahogany cashmere.

THE BATTLE-BEES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THEIR SWARMING.

Were you there when the columns swirled about?
Did you hear the cannons' rattle?
Did you hear the regiments' lusty shout,
And the hum of the bees of battle?

The bees that hummed in the air were of lead;
How they sang through the leafy bowers!
And the juice of the flowers which they drank was red—
How the battle-bees fed on flowers!

The flowers of homes in the sunny South,
Of homes in the North deserted—
How they bowed their heads in the fiery drouth,
How the bees among them flirted.

How they swarmed in the '60's summer tide,
How they flew through the forest singing,
How they stung as they sang and the flowers died—
Died suddenly from the stinging!

Were you there when the bees came humming through,
Were you there when they so beset us,
When the honey they made with so much ado
Was sweeter than that of Hymettus?

Was it sweet? Ah, it was! So I say again:
Its sweetness was told in story—
It was deadly sweet to the armies twain—
But the honey was only glory.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not on the maps—Emin Bey.

Acrobats of the table—Tumblers.

A milky way—From farm house to dairy.

A hard working thing—The stone crusher.

The girl with the sloe black eye sees quick enough.

The man who is well off should not think of coming home sick.

Teaching gee-ology with a gad—Breaking steers. Haw, haw!

When a schoolboy begins to write his name he makes his initial blunder.

Nature made the first pin with a head: to it—The terrapin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? It is a secret still.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

Most of the people who come to want, by the way, do not want to come.—*Somerville Journal.*

Will Knott is a Washington gentleman, who, when he is in a hurry, signs his name "Won't."

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Wife—"You never call me an angel, now, John." Husband—"I am willing to call you one, my dear."

A new brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

Christmas is called the time of good cheer, which may account for Christmas being a hollerday.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Why was Goliah surprised when he was struck by a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it.

We asked a toper t'other day,
And asked it without guile,
"If asked to drink what would you say?"
He answered: "I should smile."

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils and the bulrush is out.

It requires push to succeed in business, whether it be running a newspaper, keeping a country store, or wheeling a baby carriage.

Yeast—"I think Bacon is a very generous fellow. How does he strike you?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, he strikes me for a V once a week."

First Sweet Girl—"What? Did that creature say I looked like a simpleton?" Second Sweet Girl—"No, she said you acted like one." "Oh!"

It all depends on the way it is said. It makes a great difference whether you call a man a "slick citizen" or a "polished gentleman."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Teacher—"Miss Ingenue, will you please give us an example of capillary attraction?" Miss Ingenue—"A handsome mustache."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Irascible Wife (to husband)—"You are no match for me, sir." Husband (weakly)—"If I am not, my dear, why do you always want to scratch me."—*Mercury.*

Joanna, in the kitchen, waxes angry with the chambermaid, and frigidly remarks: "If there is anything that I hate it is somebody I don't like!"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

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FARM AND GARDEN

Plucking Poultry.

The *American Poultry Yard* gives the following directions in regard to plucking fowls: "Plucking fowls is a tedious process. If there are any who want to operate without the aid of the scalding process, let them do so, and when they are tired of it, let them try the following improved methods: Dip the fowls in cold water and let them drip. Then apply finely pulverized rosin to the feathers, using a dredging box for convenience. Then scald in the usual way. The rosin sticks the feathers together, so that the pin feathers come out with the others, saving much trouble. Apply about half a teacupful of rosin to a fowl. Use the common crude article. It is cheap stuff, and its cost is made up ten times over by the labor saved."

Storing Cabbages.

"We know of no better way to preserve cabbages through the winter than that which we have recommended for a number of years," says the Germantown *Telegraph*. "It is to plant or set them up in rows as they grow—that is, with roots down—fill in with soil pretty freely; then make a covering by planting two posts where there is a fence to rest on, or four where there is not, allowing for a pitch to carry off the water; lay beanpoles opposite the way of the pitch and cover with corn fodder or straw or boards. In using through the winter avoid as much as possible the sun side and close up again. We have not found setting the cabbage upside down in rows, as many do, of any advantage, as we have kept ours for more than twenty years in the way we mentioned in a sound, perfect condition, through the winter into the spring, and could even up to the 1st of May if desirable."

Winter Dairying.

Why one can't see that winter dairying is better in every respect than summer is a mystery to me. Butter brings a better price; there is no bother of cream getting too sour, or its being too warm; no trouble keeping the butter in good condition till a tub is filled; and there is a better yield of butter when cows are fed grain. If the cows are dry they have to be fed enough to keep them in good condition, and they are bringing no return for it, while if giving milk they will pay for a good, generous ration of food and a good profit besides, and the increased richness of the manure adds extra profitableness to the land. It is much pleasanter to milk in winter than in summer; you have plenty of time, are in no rush to get at other work that is driving you, and can give the calves plenty of time to drink, and then a September calf the following spring will be as large as a calf of the previous May on the same feed. I have heard summer dairymen make the remark, when going by our calf pasture late in the fall: "There's some calves that will need stockings and blankets to carry them through till spring." But when they see them in spring they won't believe they are the same calves they saw in the fall. If you try winter dairying once, you will never return to the summer sort.—*New York Tribune.*

Why We Plow.

One of the objects secured by plowing is a loose soil in which to plant the seed. A certain degree of moisture and heat as well as contact with the soil is necessary to secure good germination of the seed, and give the plants a good opportunity to grow. Plowing is the most economical method of preparing the soil for planting the seed. It also aids to lessen the work of cultivation.

Another object in plowing is to destroy weeds. Clean cultivation is an essential to all cultivated crops; good growth and yield is secured. If weeds are plowed under before they mature seeds, a large number can be destroyed. By keeping the surface clean, plowing, harrowing and cultivating, the weeds can be killed out, insuring a better growth of the plants and a better yield.

Plowing also aids materially in making available plant food already in the soil. The more the soil is stirred, and the finer tilth it is worked into, the larger the amount of fertility. Plowing deep brings to the surface material that under the influence of the rain, snow, frost and sunshine is rendered available for plant food. By plowing in the fall the elements have better opportunity for acting upon the soil and making it in better condition to supply the right amount of plant food to secure a good growth.

It is quite an item in securing a good growth of the plants to have a soil through which the plants can penetrate readily. It is fully as important to secure a good growth of roots as of stems or foliage, and a loose mellow soil is a material aid to this, and a soil that has been thoroughly plowed can be readily worked into good condition.

Stirring the soil aids to retain and secure moisture. A thoroughly plowed field will retain more moisture than if left undisturbed. It also aids to draw moisture from the subsoil by capillary attraction. By plowing and stirring the soil moisture sufficient to keep up a good growth of plants can be secured when if left undisturbed, the plants will suffer for want of proper moisture.

As plowing serves several good purposes, care should be taken to do the work thoroughly and in good season.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Agricultural Value of Fertilizers

While it is important to the farmer to know the commercial value of the fertilizers that he is obliged to purchase, it is vastly more important that he should know something of the agricultural value. The commercial value consists of the price that is required to be paid while the agricultural value consists of the increased money value of the crop secured by means of the use. There is really no direct connection between the two values, although in some cases they may be approximately the same. There may be a wider difference in the two values in the case of a manufactured article than where pure chemicals are employed. The principal elements of plant nutrition are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, each of which exists in a great variety of forms. The real value of a fertilizer to the farmer may depend quite largely upon the design he has in its use. If his purpose is to improve his soil, having little regard for large immediate returns in the shape of crops, he may with safety make use of those that are less available for immediate action upon plants, or that require chemical change before being fully available. But if, on the contrary, no regard is had for any improvement of the soil, but rather the effort is made to secure the greatest crop possible with no regard to subsequent effects, then there could be an employment of those fertilizers that would be most available to plants or most active in their effects. Experience has shown that different manurial substances are very unlike in their activity, or rather may exist under such unlike conditions of solubility as to produce very unlike results. All elements of plant food must be rendered soluble in order to become available for use, and so while a sufficient amount of any one principal element may be supplied to produce an average crop, it may be so insoluble as to produce an entire failure, and in this determination even the experiment stations are at fault.

A manufactured phosphate may contain a guaranteed amount of nitrogen, and the station upon its analysis may find it present, but fails either from neglect or inability (quite probably the latter) to determine its source, or the original condition of its existence.

Where nitrogen exists as sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, it is in an immediately available form and will be very largely, if not wholly, employed by the growing crop; but if it exists in the shape of horn scrapings, hoofs, old scraps of leather, or woolen rags, it is in such condition that it cannot be secured by the growing crop in any desirable quantity, and so is of uncertain value. Now, so far as a guaranteed amount of nitrogen is concerned, it may exist in a superphosphate; but it may be of the one form or the other, and nothing but a field trial will satisfactorily determine its value. There is very much yet to be learned regarding fertilizers, and especially those of a commercial importance It is a question deeply affecting the farmer's interest, regarding the most economical form in which the fertilizer may be applied, if it becomes necessary for him to resort to outside resources.

A considerable number of experiments are being tried in various parts of Connecticut by the farmers themselves, under the direction of the experiment stations, to determine practically these questions that are continually arising regarding the economical side of fertilization.

Experience teaches that there is a great difference in the effects of different brands of phosphates, and there is a growing desire to know why this difference exists when the price varies but little. The more rational conclusion would suggest the greater availability of the ingredients in one case than in the other. Then if the farmer can be informed through the experiment stations of the form in which each exists, he will be better prepared to secure that which he most desires.

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Suddenly the blood vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow.

"Doctor," said he, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon.

"How long can I live," asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland.

The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done said quietly: "Let her go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. Westmoreland has gone on Memorial Day and placed flowers on the grave. This year when Memorial Day came the doctor was at Salt Springs. He left the scene of gayety, came to Atlanta, and carried his tribute of flowers on the grave of one who was calm and brave in the very presence of death.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Three young Japanese men are now in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury at Washington studying drawing.

The Loon, or Great Northern Diver.

From the article on "Bird Music" by Simeon Pease Cheney in the *Century* we quote the following: "The loon is not a singer, but his calls and shoutings exhibit so great a variety of vocal qualities that we must consider him a member of Nature's orchestra. In the summer of 1887 I spent a few weeks on the borders of Trout Lake, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. This beautiful little island-dotted lake, some three miles long, has been inhabited for years by three or four pairs of loons. There they lay their eggs and rear their young, and there I found a good opportunity to study them. On one occasion a small party of us discovered a nest. When we were yet a good way off the wary sitter slid from sight into the water, darted along beneath our boat, and was far out into the lake before she came to the surface. The nest, simply a little cavity in dry muck, was on the ruins of an old muskrat house, not more than eight or ten inches above the water. There were two very dark eggs in it—never more than two are found in the nest of the loon—nearly as large as those of a goose.

"The time of sitting, as I was informed, is four weeks. Wilson says of the loons that 'they light upon their nests,' but a careful observer, who had several times seen the female make her way from the water to her nest, told me that they shove themselves to it on their breasts, very much as they push themselves in the water. I was also informed that the young are never fed upon the nest, but are taken to the water on the back of the mother, where they remain and are fed for a time, and then are launched upon the waves for life. At this age one can row up to them and take them in the hand, which they delight in giving hard nips with their long and limber bills; but when a month old they seem as wild and cunning as their parents."

An Artificial Metropolis.

Explorations and excavations of mounds in Southwestern Arizona are revealing the ruins of many ancient cities. One antiquated metropolis has been traced for three or four miles, and forty or fifty huge structures, called communal houses, have been examined. The houses were big enough for the accommation of vast numbers of people, being 300 to 400 feet long, 200 feet wide, and probably four to five stories high. They were built of sun-dried adobe bricks, put together without cement. In the upper story of an unusually large structure, supposed to be a temple, bodies of aged men were found. Other buildings of peculiar type were exhumed. They were circular, with a fireplace in each. Only one of these singular structures was discovered in each city. All the houses were built on the line of an irrigated canal. A complete canal system is noticeable even now, one canal measuring twenty-five miles in length. Rafts were, no doubt, used on these waterways, and on them the stones used in the construction of their houses would be floated to the places where they were required.—*New York Witness.*

Queer Fish Appellations.

Outside of a New York stall, says the *Sun*, might be seen a lot of queer looking dried fish. They were tied up in square bundles and were a novelty to the writer, so he asked the name of them and was told that they were called stock fish, and that they had just arrived from Norway. The various appellations under which weather dried codfish stretched on a short stick are known throughout the world, can be traced to one common root, based upon the mode of preparation for market. The Latins called the fish Gadus from a Sanscrit root cad or gad, a rod. The Greeks called the large codfish Bacchi, from bacchus, a rod. Anglo-Saxons called them gad, or goad, a rod, and the Germans called them stock fisch, from stock, a stick. When codfish is dried on the downs it is called dunfish, from the Gaelic root duin, a hill. If dried on the rocks it is called rock cod or the klippfisk of Norway.

Going 500 Miles in a Perambulator.

Mr. and Mrs. Acton, six children, the eldest twelve and the youngest a year old in a perambulator, and two maids, recently finished a pleasure walk from London to Glasgow, (500 miles), where they go regularly every year. They carried no umbrellas, only mackintoshes. The daily distance covered was from twelve to twenty miles, with no journey on Sundays, the whole trip being done in five weeks and two days. The party enjoyed the best of health through it all, one nurse having wheeled the perambulator the entire distance.

A Chinaman's Tooth Powder.

Song Wah, is a Brooklyn (N. Y.) "celestial," who, in addition to laundrying, makes a respectable living by selling to curiosity seekers the latest importations from his native land. Rice with two red sticks sells at ten cents a box. The latest thing Song has offered is what he calls Chinese tooth powder. It comes in little pink boxes covered with Chinese letters. The powder is ... and tastes like dried sage. W... that there's a "spirit in the po..." runs around and washee tee...

Two Mild-Eyed ...ers.

...other ...n Spruce

Two men passed this week, wrote street one reporter some time ago. New York ... was a large, bluff, breezy One of ..., with a frank countenance, a indiv... eye and a hearty manner. The kind was a short, bearded, mild looking ... individual, with a face of serenity and amiability. The first was the Fenian dynamiter, O'Donovan Rossa, and the next was the Anarchist dynamiter, John Most, who do not enjoy the reputation of being cherubs.

JOURNEYING IN A JUNK.

METHODS OF TRAVELING ON A RIVER IN CHINA

The Laborious Work of "Tracking"—Frightening Malicious Spirits—China's Great Curse.

Rev. Virgil C. Hart, has written an account of a long journey made by him to the great centre of Chinese Buddhism, Mount Omei in West China. Several hundred miles had to be performed by water, in a native junk, and most of the navigation consisted in the laborious work of tracking. This method, says the New York *Tribune*, is described by Mr. Hart in a lively way:

"We are near the right bank, and have eighteen men on shore at the end of 300 feet of bamboo rope. The boat veers first to one side, then to the other, rocking backward and forward, while a man sits by our cabin door, beating a small drum as though his life depended upon the number of strokes per minute. All is confusion on board, while the half-naked men on shore pull like mules, jumping from rock to rock like cats. One, more agile than the others, clambers upon sharp, rocky peaks to dislodge the entangled rope, ready at a moment's notice to cast aside his shirt, his only garment, to plunge into a boiling 'rush' and loosen the rope from a sharp jutting reef. The men catch a word and repeat in chorus for a minute, then give a long and heavy groan, and end with a short, sharp 'chuck ch.h.'"

"A man called the 'whipper' follows the straggling team, whose duty it is to urge them on at the difficult places; he carries a bamboo stick and applies it to the rope at the proper time, never or seldom striking a man. He sometimes rushes ahead, kneels down and 'kotows' to the team, beats the ground, runs back and flies along the line as though he would flog every one; but his frantic movements end in a few blows on the taut rope, and several sharp yells, which are caught up by the frantic team, while a few taps on the drum bring all this exuberance of energy to an abrupt end."

Another curious custom, which has (or should have) a special interest for the American reader, because of its bearing upon the Chinese mode of celebrating the anniversary of national independence we have adopted, is thus described:

"Whenever we are to ascend a dangerous rapid—and nearly all are so considered by the native itinerary, and probably are at certain seasons of the year—a boatmen brings out an old rusty four-barreled blunderbuss, rams the barrels full of powder, picks in fuses and stations himself at the side of the boat for the most serious business connected with the ascent. As the boat strikes the first fierce breakers, one barrel is discharged into the water; the gun is then dropped upon the deck, and a sailor tugs for a while at the ropes; when we have swung around and ploughed and plunged sufficiently with little progress, he drops his work, whatever it may be, fires another fuse and explodes the half-ounce of powder into the foam; the third and fourth chambers are likewise emptied if the business is continued long enough.

"This may seem a curious and useless custom to those unacquainted with the Chinese ideas of demonology, but once having mastered this branch of their intricate religious system, it will appear to be the most natural and necessary proceeding. Malicious spirits are in and around all dangerous places, and ready to do all manner of mischief. They can be frightened by terrific sounds: ergo, in passing all such spots the Chinaman naturally yells, beats a gong, explodes fire-crackers or powder in any form. At worship, at weddings, funerals, in times of severe sickness, the greater the noise the more likely the demons are to hide themselves. The water is crowded with such demons, and they are either frightened or propitiated by the boatmen."

The ascent of the Yang-tse was full of interest and variety. Frowning gorges, strong rapids, mountainous regions alternated with level plains and rolling hills clad with tilth and forest and dotted with large villages, pagodas and stately temples. Many of these latter are situated high up on cliffs in the dee... gorges through which the river rolls ...ting ... the extent of its flood rising... romance of gathered from inscriptions, ...or sale at O. temples sometimes, to the estore. Hand in such and such a flood, ti...

to here"—"here," being

hundred or more feet abo...apel picnic will river level. One of the glace on Tuesday, modern China (the opium h

illustrated by Mr. Hart: ...egation of this

"The sallow complexion ... annual picnic on their emaciated forms ar... ments attract our att...th. along the river. I... Knights of the Mystic face or figure, no... cret beneficial order, is a- leaden color ... g started at Gettysburg. young, male, ...

broad, swif... enry Baxter's Mandrake Bit- breeze, ... nica Oil Liniment and ... owns' the f... sale at Dicks' ... and ...ore. ing ... moun... those ... of wors...on of J...is death- ... laborers and yo... like pallor on all faces.

"The climate seems ... of per- ... summer, with fection—a long, pleas... and bracing a cool, agreeable a... energy and winter; yet there ... re is plenty life among the ... quantity for China of food ... peas, beans, corn, ... of many varieties—all within the means ... the humblest laborer.

"Traverse the ...st portions of all the provinces; ... cities alone, but the quiet, out-the-way places are all saturated and smeared with the black paste, even to ... gods."

Composit... Cann, in a trial heat in New York on ...217 ems in one hour. This is ver... ork.

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FARM AND GARDEN

Plucking Poultry.

The *American Poultry Yard* gives the following directions in regard to plucking fowls: "Plucking fowls is a tedious process. If there are any who want to operate without the aid of the scalding process, let them do so, and when they are tired of it, let them try the following improved methods: Dip the fowls in cold water and let them drip. Then apply finely pulverized rosin to the feathers, using a dredging box for convenience. Then scald in the usual way. The rosin sticks the feathers together, so that the pin feathers come out with the others, saving much trouble. Apply about half a teacupful of rosin to a fowl. Use the common crude article. It is cheap stuff, and its cost is made up ten times over by the labor saved."

Storing Cabbages.

"We know of no better way to preserve cabbages through the winter than that which we have recommended for a number of years," says the Germantown *Telegraph*. "It is to plant or set them up in rows as they grow—that is, with roots down—fill in with soil pretty freely; then make a covering by planting two posts where there is a fence to rest on, or four where there is not, allowing for a pitch to carry off the water; lay beanpoles opposite the way of the pitch and cover with corn fodder or straw or boards. In using through the winter avoid as much as possible the sun side and close up again. We have not found setting the cabbage upside down in rows, as many do, of any advantage, as we have kept ours for more than twenty years in the way we mentioned in a sound, perfect condition, through the winter into the spring, and could even up to the 1st of May if desirable."

Winter Dairying.

Why one can't see that winter dairying is better in every respect than summer is a mystery to me. Butter brings a better price; there is no bother of cream getting too sour, or its being too warm; no trouble keeping the butter in good condition till a tub is filled; and there is a better yield of butter when cows are fed grain. If the cows are dry they have to be fed enough to keep them in good condition, and they are bringing no return for it, while if giving milk they will pay for a good, generous ration of food and a good profit besides, and the increased richness of the manure adds extra profitableness to the land. It is much pleasanter to milk in winter than in summer; you have plenty of time, are in no rush to get at other work that is driving you, and can give the calves plenty of time to drink, and then a September calf the following spring will be as large as a calf of the previous May on the same feed. I have heard summer dairymen make the remark, when going by our calf pasture late in the fall: "There's some calves that will need stockings and blankets to carry them through till spring." But when they see them in spring they won't believe they are the same calves they saw in the fall. If you try winter dairying once, you will never return to the summer sort. —*New York Tribune.*

Why We Plow.

One of the objects secured by plowing is a loose soil in which to plant the seed. A certain degree of moisture and heat as well as contact with the soil is necessary to secure good germination of the seed, and give the plants a good opportunity to grow. Plowing is the most economical method of preparing the soil for planting the seed. It also aids to lessen the work of cultivation.

Another object in plowing is to destroy weeds. Clean cultivation is an essential to all cultivated crops; good growth and yield is secured. If weeds are plowed under before they mature seeds, a large number can be destroyed. By keeping the surface clean, plowing, harrowing and cultivating, the weeds can be killed out, insuring a better growth of the plants and a better yield.

Plowing also aids materially in making available plant food already in the soil. The more the soil is stirred, and the finer tilth it is worked into, the larger the amount of fertility. Plowing deep brings to the surface material that under the influence of the rain, snow, frost and sunshine is rendered available for plant food. By plowing in the fall the elements have better opportunity for acting upon the soil and making it in better condition to supply the right amount of plant food to secure a good growth.

It is quite an item in securing a good growth of the plants to have a soil through which the plants can penetrate readily. It is fully as important to secure a good growth of roots as of stems or foliage, and a loose mellow soil is a material aid to this, and a soil that has been thoroughly plowed can be readily worked into good condition.

Stirring the soil aids to retain and secure moisture. A thoroughly plowed field will retain more moisture than if left undisturbed. It also aids to draw moisture from the subsoil by capillary attraction. By plowing and stirring the soil moisture sufficient to keep up a good growth of plants can be secured when if left undisturbed, the plants will suffer for want of proper moisture.

As plowing serves several good purposes, care should be taken to do the work thoroughly and in good season.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Agricultural Value of Fertilizers.

While it is important to the farmer to know the commercial value of the fertilizers that he is obliged to purchase, it is vastly more important that he should know something of the agricultural value. The commercial value consists of the price that is required to be paid while the agricultural value consists of the increased money value of the crop secured by means of the use. There is really no direct connection between the two values, although in some cases they may be approximately the same. There may be a wider difference in the two values in the case of a manufactured article than where pure chemicals are employed. The principal elements of plant nutrition are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, each of which exists in a great variety of forms. The real value of a fertilizer to the farmer may depend quite largely upon the design he has in its use. If his purpose is to improve his soil, having little regard for large immediate returns in the shape of crops, he may with safety make use of those that are less available for immediate action upon plants, or that require chemical change before being fully available. But if, on the contrary, no regard is had for any improvement of the soil, but rather the effort is made to secure the greatest crop possible with no regard to subsequent effects, then there could be an employment of those fertilizers that would be most available to plants or most active in their effects. Experience has shown that different manurial substances are very unlike in their activity, or rather may exist under such unlike conditions of solubility as to produce very unlike results. All elements of plant food must be rendered soluble in order to become available for use, and so while a sufficient amount of any one principal element may be supplied to produce an average crop, it may be so insoluble as to produce an entire failure, and in this determination even the experiment stations are at fault.

A manufactured phosphate may contain a guaranteed amount of nitrogen, and the station upon its analysis may find it present, but fails either from neglect or inability (quite probably the latter) to determine its source, or the original condition of its existence.

Where nitrogen exists as sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, it is in an immediately available form and will be very largely, if not wholly, employed by the growing crop; but if it exists in the shape of horn scrapings, hoofs, old scraps of leather, or woolen rags, it is in such condition that it cannot be secured by the growing crop in any desirable quantity, and so is of uncertain value. Now, so far as a guaranteed amount of nitrogen is concerned, it may exist in a superphosphate; but it may be of the one form or the other, and nothing but a field trial will satisfactorily determine its value. There is very much yet to be learned regarding fertilizers, and especially those of a commercial importance. It is a question deeply affecting the farmer's interest, regarding the most economical form in which the fertilizer may be applied, if it becomes necessary for him to resort to outside resources.

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"Doctor," said he, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon.

"How long can I live," asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland.

The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done said quietly: "Let her go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. Westmoreland has gone on Memorial Day and placed flowers on the grave. This year when Memorial Day came the doctor was at Salt Springs. He left the scene of gayety, came to Atlanta, and carried his tribute of flowers on the grave of one who was calm and brave in the very presence of death.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Three young Japanese men are now in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury at Washington studying drawing.

The Loon, or Great Northern Diver.

From the article on "Bird Music" by Simeon Pease Cheney in the *Century* we quote the following: "The loon is not a singer, but his calls and shoutings exhibit so great a variety of vocal qualities that we must consider him a member of Nature's orchestra. In the summer of 1887 I spent a few weeks on the borders of Trout Lake, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. This beautiful little island-dotted lake, some three miles long, has been inhabited for years by three or four pairs of loons. There they lay their eggs and rear their young, and there I found a good opportunity to study them. On one occasion a small party of us discovered a nest. When we were yet a good way off the wary sitter slid from sight into the water, darted along beneath our boat, and was far out into the lake before she came to the surface. The nest, simply a little cavity in dry muck, was on the ruins of an old muskrat house, not more than eight or ten inches above the water. There were two very dark eggs in it—never more than two are found in the nest of the loon—nearly as large as those of a goose.

"The time of sitting, as I was informed, is four weeks. Wilson says of the loons that 'they light upon their nests,' but a careful observer, who had several times seen the female make her way from the water to her nest, told me that they shove themselves to it on their breasts, very much as they push themselves in the water. I was also informed that the young are never fed upon the nest, but are taken to the water on the back of the mother, where they remain and are fed for a time, and then are launched upon the waves for life. At this age one can row up to them and take them in the hand, which they delight in giving hard nips with their long and limber bills; but when a month old they seem as wild and cunning as their parents."

An Artificial Metropolis.

Explorations and excavations of mounds in Southwestern Arizona are revealing the ruins of many ancient cities. One antiquated metropolis has been traced for three or four miles, and forty or fifty huge structures, called communal houses, have been examined. The houses were big enough for the accommation of vast numbers of people, being 300 to 400 feet long, 200 feet wide, and probably four to five stories high. They were built of sun-dried adobe bricks, put together without cement. In the upper story of an unusually large structure, supposed to be a temple, bodies of aged men were found. Other buildings of peculiar type were exhumed. They were circular, with a fireplace in each. Only one of these singular structures was discovered in each city. All the houses were built on the line of an irrigated canal. A complete canal system is noticeable even now, one canal measuring twenty-five miles in length. Rafts were, no doubt, used on these waterways, and on them the stones used in the construction of their houses would be floated to the places where they were required.—*New York Witness.*

Queer Fish Appellations.

Outside of a New York stall, says the *Sun*, might be seen a lot of queer looking dried fish. They were tied up in square bundles and were a novelty to the writer, so he asked the name of them and was told that they were called stock fish, and that they had just arrived from Norway. The various appellations under which weather dried codfish stretched on a short stick are known throughout the world, can be traced to one common root, based upon the mode of preparation for market. The Latins called the fish Gadus from a Sanscrit root cad or gad, a rod. The Greeks called the large codfish Bacchi, from bacchus, a rod. Anglo-Saxons called them gad, or goad, a rod, and the Germans called them stock fisch, from stock, a stick. When codfish is dried on the downs it is called dunfish, from the Gaelic root duin, a hill. If dried on the rocks it is called rock cod or the klippfisk of Norway.

Going 500 Miles in a Perambulator.

Mr. and Mrs. Acton, six children, the eldest twelve and the youngest a year old in a perambulator, and two maids, recently finished a pleasure walk from London to Glasgow, (500 miles), where they go regularly every year. They carried no umbrellas, only mackintoshes. The daily distance covered was from twelve to twenty miles, with no journey on Sundays, the whole trip being done in five weeks and two days. The party enjoyed the best of health through it all, one nurse having wheeled the perambulator the entire distance.

A Chinaman's Tooth Powder.

Song Wah is a Brooklyn (N. Y.) "celestial," who, in addition to laundrying, makes a respectable living by selling to curiosity seekers the latest importations from his native land. Rice with two red sticks sells at ten cents a box. The latest thing Song has offered is what he calls Chinese tooth powder. It comes in little pink boxes covered with Chinese letters. The powder is [illegible] and tastes like dried sage. W[illegible] that there's a "spirit in the powder [illegible] runs around and washee te[illegible]

Two Mild-Ey[illegible]ers.

[illegible] other [illegible] a Spruce street one [illegible] reporter some time ago. Two men passed this week, wrote New York [illegible] was a large, bluff, breezy One of [illegible], with a frank countenance, a individ[illegible] eye and a hearty manner. The kin[illegible] was a short, bearded, mild looking individual, with a face of serenity and amiability. The first was the Fenian dynamiter, O'Donovan Rossa, and the next was the Anarchist dynamiter, John Most, who do not enjoy the reputation of being cherubs.

JOURNEYING IN A JUNK.

METHODS OF TRAVELING ON A RIVER IN CHINA.

The Laborious Work of "Tracking"—Frightening Malicious Spirits—China's Great Curse.

Rev. Virgil C. Hart, has written an account of a long journey made by him to the great centre of Chinese Buddhism, Mount Omei in West China. Several hundred miles had to be performed by water, in a native junk, and most of the navigation consisted in the laborious work of tracking. This method, says the New York *Tribune*, is described by Mr. Hart in a lively way:

"We are near the right bank, and have eighteen men on shore at the end of 300 feet of bamboo rope. The boat veers first to one side, then to the other, rocking backward and forward, while a man sits by our cabin door, beating a small drum as though his life depended upon the number of strokes per minute. All is confusion on board, while the half-naked men on shore pull like mules, jumping from rock to rock like cats. One, more agile than the others, clambers upon sharp, rocky peaks to dislodge the entangled rope, ready at a moment's notice to cast aside his shirt, his only garment, to plunge into a boiling "rush" and loosen the rope from a sharp jutting reef. The men catch a word and repeat in chorus for a minute, then give a long and heavy groan, and end with a short, sharp 'chuck chuh.'"

"A man called the 'whipper' follows the straggling team, whose duty it is to urge them on at the difficult places; he carries a bamboo stick and applies it to the rope at the proper time, never or seldom striking a man. He sometimes rushes ahead, kneels down and 'kotows' to the team, beats the ground, runs back and flies along the line as though he would flog every one; but his frantic movements end in a few blows on the taut rope, and several sharp yells, which are caught up by the frantic team, while a few taps on the drum bring all this exuberance of energy to an abrupt end."

Another curious custom, which has (or should have) a special interest for the American reader, because of its bearing upon the Chinese mode of celebrating the anniversary of national independence we have adopted, is thus described:

"Whenever we are to ascend a dangerous rapid—and nearly all are so considered by the native itinerary, and probably are at certain seasons of the year—a boatmen brings out an old rusty four-barreled blunderbuss, rams the barrels full of powder, picks in fuses and stations himself at the side of the boat for the most serious business connected with the ascent. As the boat strikes the first fierce breakers, one barrel is discharged into the water; the gun is then dropped upon the deck, and a sailor tugs for a while at the ropes; when we have swung around and ploughed and plunged sufficiently with little progress, he drops his work, whatever it may be, fires another fuse and explodes the half-ounce of powder into the foam; the third and fourth chambers are likewise emptied if the business is continued long enough.

"This may seem a curious and useless custom to those unacquainted with the Chinese ideas of demonology, but once having mastered this branch of their intricate religious system, it will appear to be the most natural and necessary proceeding. Malicious spirits are in and around all dangerous places, and ready to do all manner of mischief. They can be frightened by terrific sounds; ergo, in passing all such spots the Chinaman naturally yells, beats a gong, explodes fire-crackers or powder in any form. At worship, at weddings, funerals, in times of severe sickness, the greater the noise the more likely the demons are to hide themselves. The water is crowded with such demons, and they are either frightened or propitiated by the boatmen."

The ascent of the Yang-tse was full of interest and variety. Frowning gorges, strong rapids, mountainous regions alternated with level plains, and rolling hills, clad with tilth and forest and dotted with large villages, pagodas and stately temples. Many of these latter are situated high up on cliffs in the dee[illegible] gorges through which the river rolls [illegible] the extent of its flood rising[illegible] gathered from inscriptions, [illegible] temples sometimes, to the [illegible] such and such a flood, the [illegible] to here"—"here" being [illegible] hundred or more feet above river level. One of the [illegible] modern China (the opium h[illegible] illustrated by Mr. Hart:

"The sallow complexion [illegible] their emaciated forms an[illegible] ments attract our attention along the river. I[illegible] face or figure, no[illegible] leaden color [illegible] young, male [illegible] broad, swift [illegible] breeze, [illegible] the [illegible] ing [illegible] mount[illegible] [illegible] of work[illegible] busy laborers and yo[illegible] like pallor on all faces.

"The climate seems [illegible] of perfection—a long, pleas[illegible] summer, with a cool, agreeable [illegible], energy and winter; yet there [illegible] is plenty life among the [illegible] of food [illegible] quantity for China [illegible] peas, beans, corn, oils and [illegible] of many varieties—all within the means [illegible] the humblest laborer.

"Traverse the [illegible] portions of all the provinces; [illegible] cities alone, but the quiet, out-of-the-way places are all saturated and smeared with the black paste, even to [illegible] gods."

Composit[illegible] Cann, in a trial heat in New York [illegible] 217 ems in one hour. This is ver[illegible] work.

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1889.

The provisions of the United States statutes against the importation of contract laborers are tolerably well understood throughout Europe by this time, and circulars have been despatched by the steamship lines to emigration agents in the interior to instruct prospective passengers as to the answers they must make to impertinent questions propounded by the authorities on their arrival at American ports. It is safe to say that the law will be successfully evaded henceforth. The lines running to Canadian ports anticipate a largely increased business in the future and many who were refused a landing at New York and Boston have taken this indirect route to the States. The principal increase of their traffic will, however, come from assisted emigration which is assuming serious proportions. The undesirable classes sent away from Ireland and England by poor law guardians and the societies formed for that purpose are directed to Quebec, and then across the line, thus evading any inquiry as to that state.

The fight between Sullivan and Kilrain came off at Richburg, Mississippi, Monday. The authorities of Louisiana and Mississippi had taken measures to prevent the meeting, but they proved to be entirely ineffective.

Sullivan won, but only after a most bloody fight. Kilrain got first fall and first blood, but Sullivan had first knock-down. The pummeling lasted through seventy-five rounds, requiring two hours and eighteen minutes. Kilrain adopted the Mitchell tactics and did a great deal of racing around the ring. Both suffered severely, but the results shows Kilrain no match for Sullivan. The latter is, therefore, the champion pugilist of the world, and wins the greatest prize ever fought for—$20,000, besides 60 per cent. of the excursion money after the expenses are deducted. He also wins a bet of $1,000 which Kilrain put up on himself in the ring.

A Johnstown, N. Y., dispatch of Wednesday says: A heavy rain has been falling since early yesterday afternoon. The downpour caused the Cayndatta Creek to become a raging torrent which soon burst its bounds. Two dams gave way, being unable to stand the enormous pressure. On swept the torrent taking everything with it the several skin factories along its bank. A number of buildings in the vicinity were also swept away. The Fonda and Johnstown rail roads lose seven or eight bridges. On one of the bridges crossing the creek were some thirty or forty people viewing the flood. The torrent, with increased power, took the bridge from the foundations, hurling them into the seething flood beneath, and it is supposed that about 20 persons were drowned.

Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer died on June 28, in Lynn, Massachusetts. She was born in Nantucket, and was 70 years of age. At the age of 11 years she helped her father, Wm. Mitchell in astronomical observations. She discovered her first comet in 1849, and received therefor a gold medal from the King of Denmark. She subsequently discover 11 other comets. [illegible] visited Europe about 1847, and was [illegible]st in England of Sir John Her[illegible] Sir George Airy. She was [illegible]d. astronomy at Vassar College [illegible] years, resigning about Jan[illegible] '88.

the ank[illegible] matism, Pr[illegible] caused by a w[illegible] is shortness [illegible] ness when [illegible] ering spell[illegible] New Cure. [illegible]

[illegible]rkable accident happened to Thom[illegible] his famil[illegible] belonging to Joseph Barkdoll, of [illegible] the first [illegible] Washinton county, Md., [illegible] notic[illegible] was in the pasture and w[illegible] poor know [illegible] and when switching Augus[illegible] for the [illegible] John," said h[illegible] wife. [illegible] upon the [illegible] and with a heavy [illegible] began walk[illegible] [illegible] Thanksgiving to [illegible] herself [illegible] upon [illegible] get loose. [illegible] replied, [illegible] tree [illegible] tree, [illegible] could be got [illegible] cut.

[illegible]d section an east-bound [illegible] the Pennsylvania r[illegible] an ax[illegible] by the breaking of [illegible] Station, a few [illegible] while passing Wall's Monday night. [illegible] of Pittsburg, [illegible] cars were thrown from the track [illegible] soon after caught fire. The accident resulted in the death of [illegible] persons and the injury of three oth[illegible].

At Blackmar. [illegible] on Monday, Charles Brackmar [illegible] mother, 75 years old. when [illegible] was himself shot by the wom[illegible]n. Both will die.

The striking coal miners in Illinois have voted to submit to arbitration.

William Kirby, a bathing master at Long Branch, was drowned Monday in going to the rescue of a brother who had gotten beyond his depth.

Ottalie Lange, a German maid, was drowned at Lake Mohank, N. Y., Monday, while saving the life of a child with whose care she was entrusted.

A north-bound train for Montreal on the Central Vermont road was ditched by a wash-out a mile north of here early Wednesday morning. About a dozen passengers were injured, but none seriously.

Two men were killed Monday by the falling of a trestle in the power house of the Milwaukee Avenue Cable Railway, Chicago.

Herbert A. Pearson, a millionaire mine owner, was drowned while bathing in Lake Michigan Monday at the foot of Thirty-third street, Chicago.

The Louisiana Lottery Company offers to assume the State debt of $12,000,000 for the extension of their charter fifty years.

Oil was struck at a depth of 42 feet southeast of Meadville and while the quantity of the flow is not large the strike has occasioned great excitement.

Sarah J. Mackin, a widow of Johnstown, who lost all her earthly possessions by the flood, has just been awarded a pension and back pay amounting to $5,966.

A terrible explosion of fire damp occurred in a coal mine at St. Etienne, France, last Wednesday by which it is believed that 200 miners, if not more lost their lives.

The Governor of Tripoli has issued a decree abolishing the slave trade and forbidding any one to engage in it under pain of severe penalties.

A YANKEE SHERIFF FRIGHTENED.—A well-known sheriff who lives in Maine had been given up to die with what his physician called consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Puritan cough and consumption cure, recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the the doctor, who now prescribes it for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Says the Repository: "Mrs. S. P. Pierce, a daughter of the late Hon. C. G. Faulkner, of Martinsburg, W. Va., who is now slowly recovering under the treatment of Dr. Lewis Sayre, has sustained with fortitude one of the most wonderful operations ever attempted. Every bone in her body was broken, as a means of relief from the ossification produced by virulent inflammatory rheumatism."

A four-months-old baby which arrived in New Yoak on Tuesday from Finland is attracting attention among dime museum managers on account of its great size. The baby weighs sixty-seven and one-half pounds and is two and one-quarter feet tall and twenty-seven inches in girth.

Almost the entire business portion of the town of the town of Bakesfield, Cal., was destroyed by fire Monday. Loss $1,250,000. Many families are homeless.

Krousburg, S. Dakota, a little village of fifty people, was visited by a terrible wind storm, Monday and every house in the village was damaged.

The ninth annual encampment of the Pennsylvania Division Sons of Veterans convened at Renovo Wednesday, and will be in session three days.

Two men, supposed to be tramps, were killed on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at Carrsville, last Thursday, by the Chicago express, bound east.

On Sunday Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, was ordained a priest of the Catholic church. The ceremony was performed by Arch-Bishop Ryan in Philadelphia.

A PLAIN FACT

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, too clear? If so, remember these are symptoms of Bright's Disease, which [illegible] be cured in its first stages, but do [illegible] until then. Go to J. W. [illegible] drug store and ask for a Kidney [illegible] bottle of Dr. Burdick's [illegible] Large size 75c [illegible] which will convince you, weeks. This is [illegible] One bottle lasts two [illegible] Kidney or Liver troubles [illegible] cure for all [illegible] with a guaranteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throats, [illegible]k for a free sample of Jackson [illegible] Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cent. Sold by [illegible] W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Advertise in [illegible] ITEM to draw trade

Mrs. Tyler, widow of Ex-President John Tyler, died Wednesday evening at the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, Va., from a congestive chill. She was 69 years of age.

FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.—I want to make known the fact that I suffered from a bladder and kidney trouble, and that I was cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—made at Rondout, N. Y.—and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from torture and with a heart grateful for the medicine which affords me so pleasant a prospect.—Rev. S. C. Chandler, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

MARRIED.

June 30, by Rev. John Tomlinson, Mr. Edward Becker, of York county, to Miss Myra Kepner, of Berwick twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

July 6, in this place, Mr. John J. Clapsaddle, aged 50 years.

How happy is our father now,
Who once went suffering here;
But now he tastes unmingled joy,
Without a sigh or tear.

Could we but see our Father's face,
And hear his gentle voice,
He would tell us of that heavenly land,
And say to us—rejoice.

We will not murmur at God's command,
For He doth all things well,
And when the tide of life is o'er
We will his joys and glories swell.
CHILDREN.

My husband dear I miss thee
Everywhere I go,
But I know the blessed Savior
Will not let me alone here below.
I hope to meet thee again
On the banks of the sunny sky,
Where joy, love, and peace,
Will never, never die
WIFE F. V. C.

June 1, in Knoxville, Ill., Mr. Wm. E. Moore, aged 33 years. Deceased was born near Gettysburg.

July 8, in Hanover, Mrs. Kate, wife of John P. Wagner, and daughter of A. Schmidt, aged 39 years, 2 months and 17 days.

July 7, in Hanover, Mr. Jacob Bowers, aged 55 years.

July 9, near White Hall, Rosco Stevenson Valentine Mause, aged 4 month and 25 days.

We loved our darling Oh! so well;
We loved him so—no tongue can tell.
God loved him, too; He knew it best
To take him home with Him to rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus—
Safe on His gentle breast;
Safe in the arms of Jesus
So sweetly his soul shall rest.
MOTHER.

Your darling sleeps—he sweetly sleeps
The last long sleep of death
Around his form fond parents weep.
Their hearts are now bereft
Of one sweet bud that bloomed so bright
Beneath their tender care;
But, alas! it felt the blight.
For death's cold hand was there.

In that bright land where Jesus reigns,
He is bright and happy now;
A victor's palm is in his hand—
A crown upon his brow.

Sleep gently, loved one, sweetly sleep
In the lone, quiet grave;
[illegible] sorrowing parents cease to weep—
God took but what He gave.
A SISTER.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—*BEST*

LIVER SYRUP

For Health, Strength, [illegible] and the Blood. CURES Headache, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Constipation and all Liver and Blood Diseases.

PAIN BALM For [illegible]

INFANTS' RELIEF. For [illegible]

LUNG SYRUP. For [illegible]

LINIMENT. The Great [illegible] Remedy for Neuralgia, [illegible] Joints, Rheumatism, Corns, Burns, Felons, &c.

[illegible] Sold Everywhere. Address VICTOR REMEDIES CO., [Get Circular.] FREDERICK, MD.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

Sat[illegible] 3d. 1889,

the un[illegible] will offer at public sale on the [illegible] farm, containing 120 ACRES [illegible] perches, belonging to the heirs [illegible] [illegible]nk, deceased, situate in O[illegible] Adams county, Pa., about 1 mile south of New Oxford, on road leading from New Oxford to Kohler's mill road, adjoining lands of Elias Lingg, Wm Kohler, Mrs. Dr Smith, Samuel Smith, and others, improved with a two-story stone house, good out-house, large bank barn, wagon sheds, corn cribs, hog pens, two good wells and spring close to buildings, plenty of fruit of all kinds, &c. There is also a never-failing stream of water through the farm, and also a No. 1 sand bank on the farm. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, having been recently thoroughly limed, and is all under good fencing.

—ALSO—

at the same time and place will be sold one wood lot situate on Pigeon Hills, in Paradise township, York county, about two miles east of Abbottstown, contains 3 acres and some perches. ALSO one wood lot situate about 2 miles north of Bendersville, Adams county, Pa., containing 3 acres and some perches. Both lots are thickly wooded with the best of timber.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. Terms made known by H. W. SMITH, Agent.

—GO TO:—

John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

For the Month of June!

GREAT SACRIFICE SALE

of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

Having had such a successful season this spring, we have determined to give you some Rare Bargains in Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Fur Hats, Straw Hats, &c this month. In order to do this we must cut prices from right to left, and we have cut prices just in half. Remember, we do not offer you old stock, but all goods are entirely new, made by ourselves and cut after the latest styles.

Men's suits, reduced from	$5 50 to $3.00	Boys' fine suits reduced from	$7 00 to $3 7[illegible]
" "	7.00 to 3 50	" "	8 00 to 4 2[illegible]
Men's fine suits, "	8 00 to 4 50	" "	10 00 to 5 5[illegible]
Men's fine worsted suits from	$12 to $7	Children's suits, "	2 00 to 1 0[illegible]
" imp. worsted & corkscrew	15 to 10	" "	2 50 to 1 2[illegible]
Men's seersucker coats and vests only	90c.	" "	3 50 to 2 2[illegible]
Boy's " " "	55c.	" "	5 00 to 3 0[illegible]
Boy's suits reduced from	$5 to $3	" "	5 50 to 3 5[illegible]

All our Gents' Furnishing Goods have been reduced on the same basis. We are selling fine French Balbriggan suits, shirt and drawers, at $1, worth $2. We have the latest assortment of Men's flannel over shirts in town. Straw Hats we sell cheaper than any house in town. Gold headed silk umbrellas, for ladies and gentlemen, from $1.50 up. Give us a call. Remember, this sale lasts only for this month.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, P[A].

LOOK! LOOK!

PIANOS, ORGANS, &C. &. I wish to inform the public that I have a full and complete assortment of all the best makes of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Also all the latest and most popular MUSIC, both vocal and instrumental, in sheet or book form.

SEWING MACHINES. I have also taken the agency for the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, (latest improved,) the lightest running and cheapest machine in the market. Look at them.

NOVELS. All the latest Novels by the most popular novelists, always on hand. My motto is close profits and quick sales. Am ready to wait on customers at all times. No trouble to show goods.

O. A. SMITH,

2 doors from Centre Square, Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.

SHEELY & BRO.,

Dry Goods, Notions, &c

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents

Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents

Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

Flouncing! -:- Flouncing

We have just received a complete line of Flouncing of all kinds.

White Swiss Flouncing,
White Hamburg Flouncing,
Black Lace Flouncing

These goods are of the very latest patterns and we will sell you the best value to be had for your money.

G. D. & H. N. GITT,
HANOVER, PA.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 3apr89-ly

Auctioneering.

George L. [illegible]olestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. P. O address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

G. A. KLINGLE,

—FASHIONABLE—

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square. NEW OXFORD, PA

FRESH OYSTERS
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine
Aspinwall Bananas
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA
ICE CREAM
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once, stating age. Mention this paper.
CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1889.

The provisions of the United States statutes against the importation of contract laborers are tolerably well understood throughout Europe by this time, and circulars have been despatched by the steamship lines to emigration agents in the interior to instruct prospective passengers as to the answers they must make to impertinent questions propounded by the authorities on their arrival at American ports. It is safe to say that the law will be successfully evaded henceforth. The lines running to Canadian ports anticipate a largely increased business in the future and many who were refused a landing at New York and Boston have taken this indirect route to the States. The principal increase of their traffic will, however, come from assisted emigration which is assuming serious proportions. The undesirable classes sent away from Ireland and England by poor law guardians and the societies formed for that purpose are directed to Quebec, and then across the line, thus evading any inquiry as to that state.

The fight between Sullivan and Kilrain came off at Richburg, Mississippi, Monday. The authorities of Louisiana and Mississippi had taken measures to prevent the meeting, but they proved to be entirely ineffective.

Sullivan won, but only after a most bloody fight. Kilrain got first fall and first blood, but Sullivan had first knock-down. The pummeling lasted through seventy-five rounds, re[illegible]ng two hours and eighteen minutes. [illegible]ilrain adopted the Mitchell tactics and did a great deal of racing around the ring. Both suffered severely, but the results shows Kilrain no match for Sullivan. The latter is, therefore, the champion pugilist of the world, and wins the greatest prize ever fought for—$20,000, besides 60 per cent. of the excursion money after the expenses are deducted. He also wins a bet of $1,000 which Kilrain put up on himself in the ring.

A Johnstown, N. Y., dispatch of Wednesday says: A heavy rain has been falling since early yesterday afternoon. The downpour caused the Cayndatta Creek to become a raging torrent which soon burst its bounds. Two dams gave way, being unable to stand the enormous pressure. On swept the torrent taking everything with it the several skin factories along its bank. A number of buildings in the vicinity were also swept away. The Fonda and Johnstown rail roads lose seven or eight bridges. On one of the bridges crossing the creek were some thirty or forty people viewing the flood. The torrent, with increased power, took the bridge from the foundations, hurling them into the seething flood beneath, and it is supposed that about 20 persons were drowned.

Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer died on June 28, in Lynn, Massachusetts. She was born in Nantucket, and was 70 years of age. At the age of 11 years she helped her father, Wm. Mitchell in astronomical observations. She discovered her first comet in 1849, and received therefor a gold medal from the King of Denmark. She subsequently discover 11 other comets. [illegible] visited Europe about 1847, and was [illegible]st in England of Sir John Her[illegible] Sir George Airy. She was [illegible] astronomy at Vassar College [illegible] years, resigning about Jan[illegible] 1888.

[illegible]rkable accident happened to [illegible]nging to Joseph Barkdoll, of [illegible] Washinton county, Md., [illegible] was in the pasture [illegible] and when switching [illegible] wife, [illegible]ught upon the [illegible] began walk[illegible] herself [illegible] loose. [illegible] could be go[illegible]

[illegible] section an east-bou[illegible] the Pennsylvania r[illegible] by the breaking of an ax[illegible] while passing Wall's Station, a few [illegible] of Pittsburg, Monday night. [illegible] cars were thrown from th[illegible] track [illegible] soon after caught fire. The accident resul[illegible] in the death of th[illegible] persons and th[illegible] injury of three oth[illegible]

At Blackmar, [illegible] on Monday, Charles Brackmar [illegible] mother, 75 years old, where[illegible] was himself shot by the wom[illegible]n. Both will die.

The striking coal miners in Illinois have voted to submit to arbitration.

William Kirby, a bathing master at Long Branch, was drowned Monday in going to the rescue of a brother who had gotten beyond his depth.

Ottalie Lange, a German maid, was drowned at Lake Mohank, N. Y., Monday, while saving the life of a child with whose care she was entrusted.

A north-bound train for Montreal on the Central Vermont road was ditched by a wash-out a mile north of here early Wednesday morning. About a dozen passengers were injured, but none seriously.

Two men were killed Monday by the falling of a trestle in the power house of the Milwaukee Avenue Cable Railway, Chicago.

Herbert A. Pearson, a millionaire mine owner, was drowned while bathing in Lake Michigan Monday at the foot of Thirty-third street, Chicago.

The Louisiana Lottery Company offers to assume the State debt of $12,000,000 for the extension of their charter fifty years.

Oil was struck at a depth of 42 feet southeast of Meadville and while the quantity of the flow is not large the strike has occasioned great excitement.

Sarah J. Mackin, a widow of Johnstown, who lost all her earthly possessions by the flood, has just been awarded a pension and back pay amounting to $5,966.

A terrible explosion of fire damp occurred in a coal mine at St. Etienne, France, last Wednesday by which it is believed that 200 miners, if not more lost their lives.

The Governor of Tripoli has issued a decree abolishing the slave trade and forbidding any one to engage in it under pain of severe penalties.

A YANKEE SHERIFF FRIGHTENED.—A well-known sheriff who lives in Maine had been given up to die with what his physician called consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Puritan cough and consumption cure, recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the the doctor, who now prescribes it for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Says the Repository: "Mrs. S. P. Pierce, a daughter of the late Hon. C. G. Faulkner, of Martinsburg, W. Va., who is now slowly recovering under the treatment of Dr. Lewis Sayre, has sustained with fortitude one of the most wonderful operations ever attempted. Every bone in her body was broken, as a means of relief from the ossification produced by virulent inflammatory rheumatism."

A four-months-old baby which arrived in New Yoak on Tuesday from Finland is attracting attention among dime museum managers on account of its great size. The baby weighs sixty-seven and one-half pounds and is two and one-quarter feet tall and twenty-seven inches in girth.

Almost the entire business portion of the town of the town of Bakesfield, Cal., was destroyed by fire Monday. Loss $1,250,000. Many families are homeless.

Krousburg, S. Dakota, a little village of fifty people, was visited by a terrible wind storm, Monday and every house in the village was damaged.

The ninth annual encampment of the Pennsylvania Division Sons of Veterans convened at Renovo Wednesday, and will be in session three days.

Two men, supposed to be tramps, were killed on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at Carrsville, last Thursday, by the Chicago express, bound east.

On Sunday Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, was ordained a priest of the Catholic church. The ceremony was performed by Arch-Bishop Ryan in Philadelphia.

A PLAIN FACT.

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, [illegible] clear? If so, remember these are [illegible]toms of Bright's Disease, which [illegible] cured in its first stages, but do [illegible] until then. Go to J. W. [illegible] drug store and ask for a Kidne[illegible] bottle of Dr. Burdick's Large size 75 [illegible] will convince you, weeks. This is [illegible] bottle lasts two Kidney or Liver tro[illegible] cure for all anteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or wea[illegible] throats, [illegible] for a free sample of Jackson [illegible] Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by [illegible] W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Advertise in [illegible] ITEM to draw trade

Mrs. Tyler, widow of Ex-President John Tyler, died Wednesday evening at the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, Va., from a congestive chill. She was 69 years of age.

FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.—I want to make known the fact that I suffered from a bladder and kidney trouble, and that I was cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—made at Rondout, N. Y.,—and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from torture and with a heart grateful for the medicine which affords me so pleasant a prospect.—Rev. S. O. Chandler, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

MARRIED.

June 30, by Rev. John Tomlinson, Mr. Edward Becker, of York county, to Miss Myra Kepner, of Berwick twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

July 6, in this place, Mr. John J. Clapsaddle, aged 50 years.

How happy is our father now,
Who once went suffering here;
But now he tastes unmingled joy,
Without a sigh or tear.

Could we but see our Father's face,
And hear his gentle voice,
He would tell us of that heavenly land,
And say to us—rejoice.

We will not murmur at God's command,
For He doth all things well,
And when the tide of life is o'er
We will his joys and glories swell.
CHILDREN.

My husband dear I miss thee
Everywhere I go,
But I know the blessed Savior
Will not let me alone here below.
I hope to meet thee again
On the banks of the sunny sky,
Where joy, love, and peace,
Will never, never die.
WIFE F. V. C.

June 1, in Knoxville, Ill., Mr. Wm. E. Moore, aged 33 years. Deceased was born near Gettysburg.

July 8, in Hanover, Mrs. Kate, wife of John P. Wagner, and daughter of A. Schmidt, aged 39 years, 2 months and 17 days.

July 7, in Hanover, Mr. Jacob Bowers, aged 55 years.

July 9, near White Hall, Rosco Stevenson Valentine Mause, aged 4 month and 25 days.

We loved our darling Oh! so well;
We loved him so—no tongue can tell.
God loved him, too; He knew it best
To take him home with Him to rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus—
Safe on His gentle breast;
Safe in the arms of Jesus
So sweetly his soul shall rest.
MOTHER.

Your darling sleeps—he sweetly sleeps
The last long sleep of death.
Around his form fond parents weep.
Their hearts are now bereft
Of one sweet bud that bloomed so bright
Beneath their tender care;
But, alas! it felt the blight,
For death's cold hand was there.

In that bright land where Jesus reigns,
He is bright and happy now;
A victor's palm is in his hand—
A crown upon his brow.

Sleep gently, loved one, sweetly sleep
In the lone, quiet grave;
Y[illegible] sorrowing parents cease to weep—
God took but what He gave.
A SISTER.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—BEST
LIVER SYRUP
For Health, Strength, Vigor and the Blood. CURES Headache, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.

PAIN BALM For Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps.
INFANTS' RELIEF. For Cramps, C[illegible] Cholera Infantum, [illegible] Absolutely Safe, Sure and Sure.
LUNG SYRUP. For all Throat and Lung Troubles. Instant Relief.
LINIMENT. The Great Bone and Nerve Remedy for Neuralgia, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Corns, Burns, Felons, &c.
For Sale Everywhere. Address VICTOR REMEDIES CO., [Get Circular.] FREDERICK, MD.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

Satur[illegible] 3d, 1889, the un[illegible] will offer at public sale on the [illegible] farm, containing 120 ACRES [illegible] perches, belonging to the heirs [illegible] Fink, deceased, situate in O[illegible] Adams county, Pa., about 1 mile south of New Oxford, on road leading from New Oxford to Kohler's mill road, adjoining lands of Elias Lingg, Wm. Kohler, Mrs. Dr Smith, Samuel Smith, and others, improved with a two-story stone house, good out-house, large bank barn, wagon sheds, corn cribs, hog pens, two good wells and spring close to buildings, plenty of fruit of all kinds, &c. There is also a never-failing stream of water through the farm, and also a No. 1 sand bank on the farm. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, having been recently thoroughly limed, and is all under good fencing.

—ALSO—

at the same time and place will be sold one wood lot situate on Pigeon Hills, in Paradise township, York county, about two miles east of Abbottstown, containg 3 acres and some perches. ALSO one wood lot situate about 2 miles north of Bendersville, Adams county, Pa., containing 3 acres and some perches. Both lots are thickly wooded with the best of timber.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. Terms made known by H. W. SMITH, Agent.

—GO TO—
John H. Nau
Littlestown, Pa., for your
TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

For the Month of June!

GREAT SACRIFICE SALE
of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

Having had such a successful season this spring, we have determined to give you some Rare Bargains in Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Fur Hats, Straw Hats, &c. this month. In order to do this we must cut prices from right to left, and we have cut prices just in half. Remember, we do not offer you old stock, but all goods are entirely new, made by ourselves and cut after the latest styles.

Men's suits, reduced from	$5.50 to $3.00	Boys' fine suits reduced from	$7 00 to $3 7[illegible]
" "	7.00 to 3 50	" "	8 00 to 4 2[illegible]
Men's fine suits, "	8 00 to 4 50	" "	10 00 to 5 5[illegible]
Men's fine worsted suits from	$12 to $7	Children's suits, "	2 00 to 1 0[illegible]
" imp. wors'd & corksc'w	15 to 10	" "	2 50 to 1 2[illegible]
Men's seersucker coats and vests only	90c.	" "	3 50 to 2 2[illegible]
Boy's " " "	85c.	" "	5 00 to 3 0[illegible]
Boy's suits reduced from	$5 to $3	" "	5 50 to 3 5[illegible]

All our Gents' Furnishing Goods have been reduced on the same basis. We are selling fine French Balbriggan suits, shirt and drawers, at $1, worth $2. We have the latest assortment of Men's flannel over shirts in town. Straw Hats we sell cheaper than any house in town. Gold headed silk umbrellas, for ladies and gentlemen, from $1.50 up. Give us a call. Remember, this sale lasts only for this month.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, P[illegible]

LOOK! LOOK!

PIANOS, ORGANS, &C. &. I wish to inform the public that I have a full and complete assortment of all the best makes of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Also all the latest and most popular MUSIC, both vocal and instrumental, in sheet or book form.

I have also taken the agency for the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, (latest improved,) the lightest running and cheapest machine in the market. Look at them. SEWING MACHINES.

NOVELS. All the latest Novels by the most popular novelists, always on hand. My motto is close profits and quick sales. Always ready to wait on customers at all times. No trouble to show goods.

O. A. SMITH,
2 doors from Centre Square, Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.

SHEELY & BRO.,
Dry Goods, Notions, &c

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents
Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents
Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

Flouncing! -:- Flouncing

We have just received a complete line of Flouncing of all kinds.

White Swiss Flouncing,
White Hamburg Flouncing,
Black Lace Flouncing

These goods are of the very latest patterns and we will sell you the best val[illegible] to be had for your money.

G. D. & H. N. GITT,
HANOVER, PA.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,
Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the lates tsytles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr89-ly

Auctioneering.

George L. [illegible]olestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guarantee P. O address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa

G. A. KLINGLE,
—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA

FRESH OYSTERS
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine
Aspinwall Bananas
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA
ICE CREAM
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

SALESMEN
WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Sto[illegible] Steady employment guaranteed. Salary a[illegible] expenses paid to successful men. Apply once, stating age. Mention this paper. CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

We do job work of all kinds che[illegible] and at the shortest notice.

The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance —ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest lable or card to the largest hand-bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The dog days are with us.

Idaville has a new cornet band.

The farmers are now working at their grain.

Spring chickens sell at 12 to 15 cents per pound.

Summit Grove camp meeting begins on the 30th inst.

John K. Marshall, of Fairfield, lost a young cow last week from bloat.

WANTED.—A man about 18 years old to work on farm. Apply at this office.

The "oats midge" is here. Its a pesky little insect and annoys everybody.

It is said that the Peachbottom road is to be widened to regular ge.

The Reformed congregation of Ab-stown, talk of building a new rch.

The Gettysburg Gas Company has lared a semi annual dividend of 3 cent.

The Abbottstown Cornet Band are king arrangements to p[illegible]se new iforms.

Daniel B. Riley, [illegible] had sheep killed by [illegible] last week.

The Emmitsburg [illegible] ade a presidential o[illegible] y of $1,000.

The Gettysburg & H[illegible] rail-ad has put a new sidi[illegible] ales Zion church.

Rev. G. W. Enders, of York, has een made a D. D. by Wittening College, Springfield, Ohio.

Benjamin Fahnestock carries the ail from York Springs to Dillsburg aily for $300 per annum.

The Mansion House, at Hanover, ecently purchased by Mr. David ewcomer, is under repairs.

The Penn Flour Milling Company [of] Haover, have declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

On account of the wet weather the Conewago Camping Club, of Hanover, not go into camp until July 2[illegible].

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' [Elix]ior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

[Y]ork has 55 public schools, with [t]eachers and 3208 pupils. Of the [pupi]ls 2298 are in the primary schools.

The berry crop has been bountiful so far and the outlook for blackberries and whortleberries is extremely good.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Monocacy was celebrted on the battlefield near Frederick Tuesday.

Victor Pain Balm will cure the worst case of cramp colic, cholera-morbis or diarrhœa, in ten minutes. Ask for it. Try it.

Andrew Keffer, of Mountpleasant township, has been granted a pension of $6 per month, with back pay of about $100

Prof. John M. Wolf, of Hanover, has been elected principal of the Littlestown schools, and has accepted the position.

S. S. W. Hammers, Esq., of Highland township, has a cornfield with stalks eight feet high without stretching a blade. It was recently flooded with five feet of water.

In Lower Windsor township, York county, last Thursday, the large frame barn of J. J. Able was destroyed by fire, with all the contents except the live stock. Loss $1500.

Have you tried Red Cloud Liver Beans for dyspepsia, Indigestion, sick or nervous headache, biliousness; if not do so at once. Trial package free. 25 doses, 25 cents, at druggists.

The fourth annual Lutheran reunion will be held at Pen Mar, Sept. [?]th. The committee of [illegible] W. C. [M]Vire, of Littlestown, is [illegible]an, are repairing an interesti[illegible]

[illegible] of near [illegible] several week[s] [illegible] ee. A quart o[f] [illegible] e sufferer's heat.

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal, of Gettysburg, as a member of the State Board of Charities, is on a trip into the Wilkesbarre region.

The Grand Army Band of Gettysburg, will accompany the W. M. R. R. Employes' excursion to Tolchester next Saturday.

Father Crotty, of Littlestown, has decided to hold a picnic in McSherry's grove, near that place, on Wednesday, July 17th.

FOR SALE.—One separator and new horse power, all in good order, will be sold cheap. Inquire of Hanson Stallsmith, New Oxford.

Last Monday, a little child of John Brown, of Liberty township, fell off the fence and fractured one of the bones of its forearm.

One hundred and sixty-three quarts of black cherries were picked from a small tree on the lot of Mr. John Gulden, on Hanover street.

Seven tramps were arrested in Gettysburg on the fourth for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. They were stranded by the circus.

There is no need of any person loafing at this season of the year. Farmers are in need of hands to help store away the hay and grain.

We will be pleased to receive from every locality in the county, items of news and communications that will be of interest to our readers.

Lewis Tschop, of East Berlin, who has been suffering since the early part of last winter from a severe cut in the knee, is able to be about again.

The Mite Society of the Lutheran church, this place, have purchased from O. A. Smith, a new Glouch & Warren organ for their church.

Grasshoppers are reported as being unusually numerous throughout Franklin county, but no extensive damage has thus far been done.

East Berlin is greatly annoyed by petty robberies. Entering cellars, stealing eatables, invading barns, etc., seems to be the line of thievery.

The efforts that have been made to get up a Junior band in this place have been unsuccessful and have been abandoned for the present.

During the thirty days of June, it rained twenty four days. Some days light showers and on other days heavy ones, doing considerable damage.

The Hampton Cornet Band will hold a picnic in Dicks' grove near Hampton, on Saturday, July 2[?]th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

"Morgan," an old family horse of Abram Meals, of Huntington township, recently broke a leg while standing in the stable. He had to be killed.

Gray hair is made to resume its youthful color and beauty by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation known to science.

While temporarily insane on Tuesday Mrs. Samuel Shoemaker, 50 years old, residing near Scotland, Franklin county, hanged herself in her garret with a handkerchief.

A child of James Diet[z], a son of 3 years, was crushed beneath a train on the York and Wrightsville Railroad Monday. The child had wandered away from the house.

A woods meeting, to be held at Pine Grove Park under the auspices of the A. M. E. Rion church of Carlisle, will commence on July 20th and continue over the next Sablath.

The Lutheran congregation at Fairfield held an election for a pastor on the 23d ult., which resulted in the choice of Rev. W. J. D. Scherer, late of the Gettysburg Seminary.

RED CLOUD LIVER BEANS cleanse the stomach and bowels. Promote healthy action and sweet secretions. Correct the bile and cure biliousness. Trial package free at all druggists.

A seven-year-old daughter of Geo. Eckert, of Silver Run, jumped from the second story of her father's barn to the ground, one day recently, and broke an arm between the elbow and wrist.

On last Sunday evening, a coal oil lamp exploded in Dr. W. E. Hollinger's office, at Abbottstown. He only saved his house from being consumed by throwing the lamp out on the street.

August Melching, a cigar-maker aged 23 years, was drowned at the "Bushes," above King's dam, near York, Monday. He was seized with cramps whilst crossing the deep stream.

Frank Orner, of Menallen township was arrested last week for going to his home in an intoxicated condition and threatening to injure his wife and children. He has not yet been admitted to bail.

One day last week, as G. W. Wortz was having his phosphate house at Orrtanna moved a little further from the railroad track, he had the end of the middle finger of his right hand badly crushed.

Prof. J. Louis Sowers, of Hanover, was Friday evening elected teacher of school No. 1 of this place. His wife, Mrs. A. C. Sowers, was chosen for No. 3 school, and No. 2 will be given out this evening.

Mrs. Margaret Beck, of York, aged 77 years, met with a fatal accident on Saturday evening. The old lady fell down the cellar steps, fracturing her skull, death resulting in about half an hour after the accident.

Early Wednesday morning one of the circus men committed an unprovoked and cowardly assault on Chas. Spangler, engineer on the W. M. R. R. Unfortunately the assailant made his escape before arrest.—*Star.*

The Scientific American says that a small lump of camphor evaporated in a tin vessel over a lamp will drive out mosquitoes and keep them out during the evening. Care should be taken not to allow the camphor to ignite.

Rev. W. H. Jordy, pastor of the E. Lutheran church of Wrightsville, (formerly of Abbottstown,) has accepted an urgent and unanimous call to the pastorate of St. Paul's Lutheran church, of Frostburg, Md. The congregation is a large and growing one.

Last Wednesday, while Dr. T. C. Miller and Mr. E. P. Miller, of Abbottstown, were on their way home from this place, they met two bicycle riders. Their horse took fright and reared, breaking the front wheel of their buggy. Fortunately no one was hurt.

A Newville man froze one of his hands recently while the thermometer stood at 92 in the shade. He was running an ice cream freezer, and his hand was so badly frosted that he had to wear it in a bandage for several days

Chas. Sell, son of Jacob Sell, of Penn township, York county, aged 16, had the index finger of his right hand bitten off at the knuckle joint, on the 4th, by a horse. [T]he thumb and other par[ts] [illegible] [l]acerating of about [illegible] also severe- [b]etween 15 and [illegible]

John [illegible] farming imp[lements] [illegible] the Martinsburg, W. [illegible]

appointed Deput[y] [illegible] the [illegible] Revenue Collector for that place, and has taken charge of his office. Mr. Reilly is a native of Mt. Rock, this county, and his many friends that vicinity congratulate him on his success.

On the 9th, 10th and 11th of next month the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will hold their annual meeting at Altoona. This will be a large gathering of teachers, and will be attended by some of the teachers from this county. Excursion tickets will be sold on all the railroads.

The driving horse of Mr. F. Steffy, of Carlisle street, was taken from the stable sometime Saturday night and driven so hard before being returned to the stable Sunday morning, that it was fea[red] the animal [would die], but it is now getting all right again.

On Sunday, as the Reformed congregation of Fairfield, were dispersing after morning service, there was a collision of vehicles, resulting in the smashing of a hind wheel of the carriage of C. H. Walter. Fortunately none of the occupants were hurt.

NINTH ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE WESTERN MARYLAND R. R. EMPLOYES' BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION TO TOLCHESTER BEACH, SATURDAY, JULY 13TH. The Iron Steamers "Tolchester" and "Louise" have both been secured by the association for the accommodation of its many patrons. Two hours on the water going; two hours returning, and four hours at the Beach. See handbills and posters for full information.

A great deal of excitement was created in Shippensburg Sunday over the finding of the dead body of a child in a cess-pool. A Coroner's inquest was held at which a physician testified that the child had died from strangulation and had been dead two or three days. Rosey Coleman, colored, the mother of the child, was arrested Monday and committed to the county jail to await trial. She acknowledged the crime.

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When people suffer [illegible] to be cured and [illegible] equals Red Flag Oil [illegible] 25 cents. At Barnit[z'] [illegible]

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Council Proceedings.

NEW OXFORD, July 8.—Council me[t] [illegible] persuant to adjournment, on the [illegible] H. W. July—present, A. [illegible] There not be[illegible] on Fri[illegible] A. Sh[illegible] —no qu[illegible] Monday e[illegible] Burgess p[illegible] were pres[ent] [illegible] record [illegible]

[illegible] horse and buggy and drove [to] the wagon shed of John Shull near Cashtown where it was found on Sunday morning.

The repo[illegible] stated that some work was [illegible] the Square and Berlin street.

Building committee reported [illegible] the building attached to engine ho[use] has been completed, except one more coat of paint necessary. The finan[ce] committee also reported to Coun[cil] the condition of the finance, and a[f]ter a thorough examination and cal culation of the expenses and funds required, the Council, on motion, resolved that the Borough tax for the pr[es]ent year be made four (4) mil[ls] the Secretary requested to m[ake] the duplicate, and that $100 [be ap]propriated to pay off one bond.

The Council agreed to exami[ne the] shed on Diehl's property, used [as a] shelter for the ladders, cart, &c., [and] arrange for a disposal of the sam[e]. [Ad]journed to meet on the ground on Tuesday [even]ing at 6 o'clock, 9th inst.

Bills to the amount of [illegible] presented, examined a[nd] orders to be gran[ted].

There bei[ng] [illegible] Cou[ncil] [illegible] Tu[esday] [illegible] cloc[k]

[T]he constitution of the State pro[vide]s that when a vacancy occurs in [ei]ther branch of the Legislature, the [p]residing officer shall issue a procla[m]ation to fill the va[cancy] [illegible] for which the [illegible]ed, will not [illegible] [Aug]ust, 1890, [illegible] [Le]gislative [illegible] no action [illegible] coming [illegible] election [illegible] [c]ase an [illegible] would [illegible] scene that [illegible]

[illegible] [t]he battle of [illegible] day of the [illegible] was sound- [illegible] out of his [illegible] [st]ump in the [illegible] joined his [illegible] about it. Mich[ael] [illegible] to the battlefield [illegible] tree for $25, and had [illegible] up and carried to his [illegible] The cup was completely im[b]edded in the crotch of the tree, and Angelo prizes the relic beyond anything that he owns.

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The Family Story Paper contains "Little Cricket, or The Bursting of the South Fork Dam,"—a romance of the Johnstown flood. For sale at O. A. Smith's Music Store. Hand in your orders.

The Conewago Chapel picnic will be held at the usual place on Tuesday, July 30th.

The Catholic congregation of this place, will hold their annual picnic on Saturday, Aug. 24th.

A Lodge of Knights of the Mystic Circle, a secret beneficial order, is about being started at Gettysburg.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

The pension of James F. Woodward, of Gettysburg, has been increased from $4 to $8 per month, with $96.13 arrearages

Miss Millie Stambaugh, of Mountpleasant township, has a Hydrangea stalk containing 83 flowers.

Pennsylvania has now 83 monuments on the Gettysburg battlefield, with 24 yet to be erected.

Joseph L. Shorb, Esq., of Littlestown, is reported in feeble health.

Every live merchant admits that it pays to advertise.

Oats is ripening and the harvest will soon be on.

The new potatoes are fine, plenty and cheap.

A fly in the hand is worth two in the soup.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. J. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance —ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest lable or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The dog days are with us.

Idaville has a new cornet band.

The farmers are now working at their grain.

Spring chickens sell at 12 to 15 cents per pound.

Summit Grove camp meeting begins on the 30th inst.

John K. Marshall, of Fairfield, lost a young cow last week from bloat.

WANTED.—A man about 18 years old to work on farm. Apply at this office.

The "oats midge" is here. Its a pesky little insect and annoys everybody.

It is said that the Peachbottom road is to be widened to regular ge.

he Reformed congregation of Ab-stown, talk of building a new rch.

The Gettysburg Gas Company has lared a semi annual dividend of 3 cent.

The Abbottstown Cornet Band are king arrangements to p... use new forms.

Daniel B. Riley, ... had e sheep killed by ... ght t week.

The Emmitsburg ... an de a presidential of ... al- y of $1,000.

The Gettysburg & H... rail- ad has put a new sidi... ales Zion church.

Rev. G. W. Enders, of York, has en made a D. D. by Wittening College, Springfield, Ohio.

Benjamin Fahnestock carries the ail from York Springs to Dillsburg ily for $300 per annum.

The Mansion House, at Hanover, cently purchased by Mr. David ewcomer, is under repairs.

The Penn Flour Milling Company Haover, have declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

On account of the wet weather the newago Camping Club, of Hanover, not go into camp until July 21.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bit-, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' ixior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

York has 55 public schools, with achers and 3208 pupils. Of the ls 2298 are in the primary schools.

The berry crop has been bountiful so far and the outlook for blackberries and whortleberries is extremely good.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Monocacy was celebrted on the battlefield near Frederick Tuesday.

Victor Pain Balm will cure the worst case of cramp colic, cholera-morbis or diarrhœa, in ten minutes. Ask for it. Try it.

Andrew Keffer, of Mountpleasant township, has been granted a pension of $6 per month, with back pay of about $100

Prof. John M. Wolf, of Hanover, has been elected principal of the Littlestown schools, and has accepted the position.

S. S. W. Hammers, Esq., of Highland township, has a cornfield with stalks eight feet high without stretching a blade. It was recently flooded with five feet of water.

In Lower Windsor township, York county, last Thursday, the large frame barn of J. J. Able was destroyed by fire, with all the contents except the live stock. Loss $1500.

Have you tried Red Cloud Liver Beans for dyspepsia, indigestion, sick or nervous headache, biliousness; if not do so at once. Trial package free, 25 doses, 25 cents, at druggists.

The fourth annual Lutheran reunion will be held at Pen Mar, Sept. th. The committee of ... W. C. Wire, of Littlestown, is ... an, are repairing an interesti...

...several week

ee. A quart o

e sufferer's head.

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal, of Gettysburg, as a member of the State Board of Charities, is on a trip into the Wilkesbarre region.

The Grand Army Band of Gettysburg, will accompany the W. M. R. R. Employes' excursion to Tolchester next Saturday.

Father Crotty, of Littlestown, has decided to hold a picnic in McSherry's grove, near that place, on Wednesday, July 17th.

FOR SALE.—One separator and new horse power, all in good order, will be sold cheap. Inquire of Hanson Stallsmith, New Oxford.

Last Monday, a little child of John Brown, of Liberty township, fell off the fence and fractured one of the bones of its forearm.

One hundred and sixty-three quarts of black cherries were picked from a small tree on the lot of Mr. John Gulden, on Hanover street.

Seven tramps were arrested in Gettysburg on the fourth for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. They were stranded by the circus.

There is no need of any person loafing at this season of the year. Farmers are in need of hands to help store away the hay and grain.

We will be pleased to receive from every locality in the county, items of news and communications that will be of interest to our readers.

Lewis Tschop, of East Berlin, who has been suffering since the early part of last winter from a severe cut in the knee, is able to be about again.

The Mite Society of the Lutheran church, this place, have purchased from O. A. Smith, a new Glouch & Warren organ for their church.

Grasshoppers are reported as being unusually numerous throughout Franklin county, but no extensive damage has thus far been done.

East Berlin is greatly annoyed by petty robberies. Entering cellars, stealing eatables, invading barns, etc., seems to be the line of thievery.

The efforts that have been made to get up a Junior band in this place have been unsuccessful and have been abandoned for the present.

During the thirty days of June, it rained twenty four days. Some days light showers and on other days heavy ones, doing considerable damage.

The Hampton Cornet Band will hold a picnic in Dicks' grove near Hampton, on Saturday, July 20th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

"Morgan," an old family horse of Abram Meals, of Huntington township, recently broke a leg while standing in the stable. He had to be killed.

Gray hair is made to resume its youthful color and beauty by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation known to science.

While temporarily insane on Tuesday Mrs. Samuel Shoemaker, 50 years old, residing near Scotland, Franklin county, hanged herself in her garret with a handkerchief.

A child of James Diet, a son of 3 years. was crushed beneath a train on the York and Wrightsville Railroad Monday The child had wandered away from the house.

A woods meeting, to be held at Pine Grove Park under the auspices of the A. M. E. Rion church of Carlisle, will commence on July 20th and continue over the next Sabbath.

The Lutheran congregation at Fairfield held an election for a pastor on the 23d ult., which resulted in the choice of Rev. W. J. D. Scherer, late of the Gettysburg Seminary.

RED CLOUD LIVER BEANS cleanse the stomach and bowels. Promote healthy action and sweet secretions. Correct the bile and cure biliousness. Trial package free at all druggists.

A seven-year-old daughter of Geo. Eckert, of Silver Run, jumped from the second story of her father's barn to the ground, one day recently, and broke an arm between the elbow and wrist.

On last Sunday evening, a coal oil lamp exploded in Dr. W. E. Hollinger's office, at Abbottstown. He only saved his house from being consumed by throwing the lamp out on the street.

August Melching, a cigar-maker aged 23 years, was drowned at the "Bushes," above King's dam, near York, Monday. He was seized with cramps whilst crossing the deep stream.

Frank Orner, of Menallen township was arrested last week for going to his home in an intoxicated condition and threatening to injure his wife and children. He has not yet been admitted to bail.

One day last week, as G. W. Wortz was having his phosphate house at Orrtanna moved a little further from the railroad track, he had the end of the middle finger of his right hand badly crushed.

Prof. J. Louis Sowers, of Hanover, was Friday evening elected teacher of school No. 1 of this place. His wife, Mrs. A. C. Sowers, was chosen for No. 3 school, and No. 2 will be given out this evening.

Mrs. Margaret Beck, of York, aged 77 years, met with a fatal accident on Saturday evening. The old lady fell down the cellar steps, fracturing her skull, death resulting in about half an hour after the accident.

Early Wednesday morning one of the circus men committed an unprovoked and cowardly assault on Chas. Spangler, engineer on the W. M. R. R Unfortunately the assailant made his escape before arrest.—*Star*.

The Scientific American says that a small lump of camphor evaporated in a tin vessel over a lamp will drive out mosquitoes and keep them out during the evening. Care should be taken not to allow the camphor to ignite.

Rev. W. H. Jordy, pastor of the E. Lutheran church of Wrightsville, (formerly of Abbottstown,) has accepted an urgent and unanimous call to the pastorate of St. Paul's Lutheran church, of Frostburg, Md. The congregation is a large and growing one.

Last Wednesday, while Dr. T. C. Miller and Mr. E. P. Miller, of Abbottstown, were on their way home from this place, they met two bicycle riders. Their horse took fright and reared, breaking the front wheel of their buggy. Fortunately no one was hurt.

A Newville man froze one of his hands recently while the thermometer stood at 92 in the shade. He was running an ice cream freezer, and his hand was so badly frosted that he had to wear it in a bandage for several days

Chas. Sell, son of Jacob Sell, of Penn township, York county, aged 16, had the index finger of his right hand bitten off at the knuckle joint, on the 4th, by a horse. ... thumb and other par... consisting of abou... also severe... between 15 and...

John ... farming imp... the Martinsburg, W. ... appointed Depu... the ... revenue Collector for that place, and has taken charge of his office. Mr. Reilly is a native of Mt. Rock, this county, and his many friends that vicinity congratulate him on his success.

On the 9th, 10th and 11th of next month the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will hold their annual meeting at Altoona. This will be a large gathering of teachers, and will be attended by some of the teachers from this county. Excursion tickets will be sold on all the railroads.

The driving horse of Mr. F. Steffy, of Carlisle street, was taken from the stable sometime Saturday night and driven so hard before being returned to the stable Sunday morning, that it was feared the animal ... it is now getting all right again, but

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Attorney General Kirkpatrick will deliver the oration at the dedication of the new College building in Gettysburg September 11.

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The Family Story Paper contains "Little Cricket, or The Bursting of the South Fork Dam,"—a romance of the Johnstown flood. For sale at O. A. Smith's Music Store. Hand in your orders.

The Conewago Chapel picnic will be held at the usual place on Tuesday, July 30th.

The Catholic congregation of this place, will hold their annual picnic on Saturday, Aug. 24th.

A Lodge of Knights of the Mystic Circle, a secret beneficial order, is about being started at Gettysburg.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

The pension of James F. Woodward, of Gettysburg, has been increased from $4 to $8 per month, with $96.13 arrearages

Miss Millie Stambaugh, of Mountpleasant township, has a Hydrangea stalk containing 83 flowers.

Pennsylvania has now 83 monuments on the Gettysburg battlefield, with 24 yet to be erected.

Joseph L. Shorb, Esq., of Littlestown, is reported in feeble health.

Every live merchant admits that it pays to advertise.

Oats is ripening and the harvest will soon be on.

The new potatoes are fine, plenty and cheap.

A fly in the hand is worth two in the soup.

Melbourne, the Capital of Victoria, Australia claims a population of 490,000, one-seventh of all the people in Australia.

New York city will spend $850,000 this year in improving the buildings occupied by her charity charges and providing them with more wholesome diet.

Twenty of the leading restaurants and cafes in Paris are being united into a company. Its capital will be $1,500,000 in $100 shares, 13,500 of which are to be offered to the public at par.

Every minute six hundred pounds of wool grows in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal and one hundred tons of bituminous coal, while of pig-iron we turn out twel... s, and of steel rails three tons.

A converted Hindoo is reported to have said at a public meeting in India: "The very lowest caste in India is the cobblers' caste, and it is remarkable that a cobbler from England, William Carey, should bring them the first tidings of the Gospel."

The British Consul at Bilboa reports that Spain is making steady and remarkable progress in commercial prosperity. Large shipments of minerals are made, and extensive iron manufactories have have been established. Railways are multiplying and industries in general are on the increase.

The death rate of the Georgia Penitentiary, as shown by the report of the principal keeper, is 17½ to the thousand as an average for the last two years, is less than the average death rate of American cities; and the past year's record of 11.6 per thousand is less than the mortality in the most favored cities.

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Thom... remarkable accident happened to his famil... he ... stanging to Joseph Barkdoll, of the first ... d the ... Washinton county, Md., and w... notic... cow was in the pasture ... poor know ... and when switching August... eans for the ... John" said his wife, caught upon the ... ce and with a heavy ... w began walk... the Thanksgiving ... to around herself ... ming upon ... Ha... got loose. ... replied, ... tree ... tree, ... ould be got ... cut

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THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare,
And the snow is in the air,
And the frost is in the sod,
And the yellow golden-rod,
Like a fading sunset light,
Withers in a blackening blight,
And the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow—
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,
When hearts in festal meetings chime

When gay youth no longer sings
The clear carols of its sp...
And old age with ...
Up behind its ... to the ...
Winter snows upon the head,
Yet with age's ...
Brings a light whose ... glow
With an inner ... scorns
Thoughtless youth's ... and morns
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time
And awakes a loftier rhyme.

Then, for all that lifts up life
With its changing calm and strife
What I was—the green base
Upon which now can place
What poor cure I may have wrought
Out of all my life and thought—
For the priceless providence
That hath made each nerve and sense
Of my boyhood but the germ
Of a growth more full and firm—
For the best inheritance
Of my parents' blood—for chance
Even, and fate and circumstance—
For the joy and sorrow turned
Inward—for wisdom learned
From folly—faith from doubt.—
All with me or without
That has helped the spirit weak
Its better life and truth to seek.—
For this, and more that blind,
I cannot recall to mind—
That's on this Thanksgiving day
I would render as I may—
On this dull gray day when earth
Has no smile of spring or mirth,
As the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow.

Christopher P. Cranch.

HER THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

ALL day there had been sweeps of stormy rain, with ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon, and a raw chilliness in the atmosphere.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Elston, glancing out of the kitchen window occasionally, as she went about her daily work, "we're going to have a bad Thanksgiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines; but it is provoking, when one has invited company ... don't dependence on Uncle Lemuel ... Rhoda ... snows; and Sue ... Starkey can't venture out in a storm, ... weak chest, and everything will go wrong!"

Toward night, however, the sun burst triumphantly through the clouds, lightning up the sombre aisles of the leafless woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the waves that broke sullenly on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. Elston.

And she burst ... little roulades of seven ... the red Bald-... ow, ear... n

Almost the entire bus... nted ... the town of the town of Ba... key Cal., was destroyed by fire ... for Loss $1,250,000. Many ... homeless. ... her cook

Krousburg, S. Dakota, a ... of fifty people, was visited by a terrible wind storm, Monday and ... and ... Starkey, in the ... mate, now the teacher ... district school, and ... Howard, who lived in the cot... beyond the sand dunes on the beach.

It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and plates, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dainty shade of ... —and the young ... looking down the road, saw Frank Bish... coming up from the wharf, a silhouette against the red glow of sky.

I'll go and meet him," she said to self.

For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all these graceful mem... of the honeymoon time

difficu... Elston, the captain of the little too ... between Bayport and ... large town, met her ... be cured in ... until then. ... in the basket, ... free ... drug store and ... w re- Kidney ... bottle of Dr. B ... Large size 75 ... will convince ... weeks. This is ... One bottle ... Kidney or Liver troubles ... cure ... anteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak ... k for a free sample of Jackson ... Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cent. Sold by ... W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Advertise in ... ITEM to draw trade

"What is it, Frank?" with a half-startled air.

"You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he.

"Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so I ... I'd just step up and give you a ... warning."

"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going to stay?"

"There's boxes and boxes!" said Frank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Willett with his wheelbarrow to hoist 'em up to the house."

"But, Frank, who is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?"

"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock," said the Captain of the Sea Mew. "She comes from the state of Rhode Island, and she says she is a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank. "Oh, I know now who it is Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her here!"

"All right, then," said Captain Elston. "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie—"

"Well?"

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil?"

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors!"

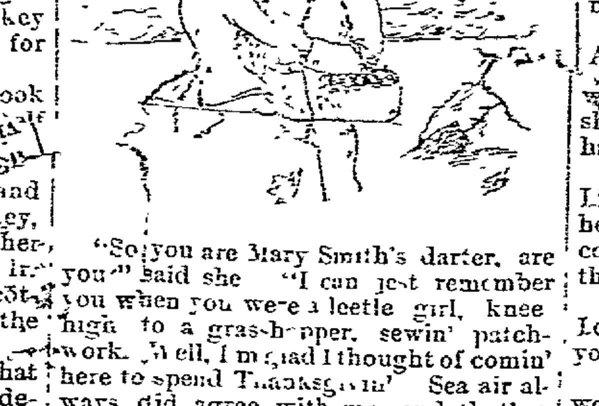
"Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his red comforter around his finger. "'Who is my neighbor?' That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer."

Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking.

"Don't put yourself out, my dear," said the Captain, "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble, and—"

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie, "and she's my ... I'll go back, Frank, and ... more of my chicken-pies for ... to have anything ... old hand was there ... cold ... caught land where Jesus ... right and happy ... pastor's palm is in his ... girl," said ... grown upon his br... ing touch to the stray locks ... escaped, like rags of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red-worsted hood. "I know just how this sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the old lady."

But Lizzie could not help marveling a little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon colored "front," and a nose and chin that met in close proximity.



"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can just remember you when you were a leetle girl, knee high to a grasshopper, sewin' patchwork. Well, I'm glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Sea air always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder," she added, as she began on her second wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a makin' silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann—sewin' strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet rags—and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow Desire Johnson's old room and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll be a pleasant winter's work for you and me—won't it, Elizabeth Ann? P'raps you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. "I need a little dark blue and saffron-color—terror-cotter they call it nowadays. Works in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked bewildered, but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" said he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

"It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Deacon Johnson didn't want me. She said ... was too much care. Lucy ... too fine a lady to notice her ... Barby ... and my Cousin Max... turned me out of doors. ... Ann is her mother right ... tender-hearted creetur ... I'm glad I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll stay."

She said all this aloud, in her strange, croaking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it.

"Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know, she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly. "I think your duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of parti-colored silk strips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly interviewed them as to the cast-off silk-dress question.

Each was of a different opinion, but all were adverse to the stranger.

"Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. "An old crone like that, to come here and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never heard such impudence in my life!"

Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly.

"Barbara Babcock used to visit around in York State," said she, "when I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, and there warn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't like to undertake the care of her!"

"But she's old Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her ef Elizabeth Ann sends her away."

"I won't send her away," said Lizzie. "She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and friendless ourselves some day."

"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't as much patience with the old creetur' as I should hev had, ef she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery-tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's advice. Barbara Babcock was as obstinate as a mule."

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to her friend.

"I think you are doing right, dear," she whispered.

So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely achievements; and just as they were sitting around the fire, cracking nuts and drinking home-brewed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a cry of terror.

"Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he. "She's got another stroke!"

It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her afflicted face, and the words "Elizabeth Ann" quivering on her lips.

And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dismay.

"Ef she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be the best thing that could happen to her an' all her relations."

But Miss Barbara Babcock did not ... lived on, all winter, into the ... to bloom and the ... blossoms blushed ... along the ... of the swamps.

All this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the balls of vivid colored silk rags that Lizzie ranged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her.

"It make a dreadful pretty sort o' curtain," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizabeth Ann shall have 'em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly opened her eyes.

Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle work in hand, by her side.

"Mind," said she, "them silk balls is Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed an' sealed in the paper under my pillow. Mind you don't forget!"

"Oh I'll not forget," said placid Aunt Rhoda.

... early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

"I don't want the silk rags," said Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint inheritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?"

"You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."

"No!" said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Prout and her loom for a month. And Melinda needs the work."

But when the balls of silk were unwound—there were a hundred of them, more or less—each ball was found to be wound on a ten dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over. And every ten-dollar bill was Lizzie Elston's now.

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle Lemuel.

* * * * * *

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

"I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island! Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me."

The captain patted Lizzie's bright head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiving Day yet?" said he tenderly.

"Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

A Song of Thanksgiving.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To ... with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie,
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.

all persons ... examine and ... ly attended to. Yards on Frederick

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Care for Ivory Trinkets.

Ivory ornaments, unless carefully cared for, become yellow. They are very easily cleaned and with a little trouble will look fresh and retain their luster for a long time. The simplest way to clean them is to brush them with a new tooth brush, but very sharp, to which a little soap is applied. Then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry it and brush until the luster reappears. A little alcohol poured upon the brush will increase this luster. If the trinket has become very yellow dry it in a gentle heat. The yellow will soon disappear and the ornament look as good as new.—*Mail and Express.*

Safety in Coal Oil.

The number of accidents from coal-oil lamps is as large as ever, and it is safe to say that in nearly every case a human being, who ought to know better, contributes the share of ignorance or carelessness which makes the accident possible. The blaze of burning coal-oil cuts into the human flesh like a knife. Nature at once tries to repair the damage by throwing off the injured flesh, but medical science knows of no way to prevent the contraction which ensues on the coming together of the healthy tissue after the sloughing off of the injured portions.

Few people seem to know on what a little thing the safety of a coal oil lamp depends. The lighted wick causes the metal of the oil reservoir to become quite hot, hot enough to heat the oil and generate gas. If the gas cannot escape, the lamp will explode. To provide for its escape the lamp makers put a little metal chimney by the side of the wick holder, which permits a free passage for the gas from the oil reservoir to the outer air. The housekeeper's part consists in keeping the little chimney open. It is almost an invisible chimney, only to be seen by holding the burner to the light. Never buy a coal-oil lamp without se... that this chimney is present in the bu...—*American Cultivator.*

A Novel Dictionary

How many of you have a dictio... that has attended over 100 wedding... say nothing of parties, teas, etc.? ... very many. I'll venture to say, bu... me tell you about this noted diction...

Thirty years ago, when mother ... first married, she began to collect rec... for a cook book. For lack of anyth... smaller ... took an old unabridged ... tionary ... largest size, cut out e... other ... it, and began ... pasted ... recipes she ... the lig... For instance, th... fro... et. Look at that devoted to puddings; ... was a list of differ... der the most po... s and the pages wh... is close profit found. Cakes form... No trouble ... meats another and ... on ... list ... as soon as the papers ... been ... her would collect the ... take ... dictionary, scissors and pa... ... paste each recipe ... proper place.

As time went by the book stead... filled, so when anyone wanted a reci... for any particular dish, the dictiona... was sure to contain it. For example u... der the heading of tapioca pudding the... were forty-seven recipes to be foun... and ninety-seven for making toma... catsup.

But among so many, how could ... find what we wanted, you ask. In th... way: When we had carefully tested ... recipe and found it satisfactory ... marked it by a star, thus *. If ext... good it was marked by two stars, ... unsurpassed three stars distinguish...

But if, on the contrary, it was not ... isfactory it was crossed off by a si... line; two lines meant very bad, and ... ... "positively uncatal... So by simply glancing over the pag... can tell at once just what we want.

There is one objection to a cook ... of this sort: it is so useful that every... wants to borrow it, and so it is seld... home. Just make one and see i... don't call it a "grand good thing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recipes.

Fried Mush: Boil corn meal in water until well cooked: pour into a buttered dish and let stand over night; in the morning remove from the dish whole, cut in slices and fry brown in butter.

To Corn Beef. Make a brine of a quart of coarse salt to three gallons of water. to this add a half pint of molasses and let stand a day before putting the beef in. Meat thus corned will be fit to eat in a week's time.

Fried Chicken: Put in a frying pan a tablespoonful each of lard and butter; when hot lay in the chicken cut open on the back; sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper; when a light brown turn it over and sprinkle again; cook slowly until done.

Minced Dried Beef With Eggs: Shave the beef and let stand in water over night to freshen; put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan and put in a pint of the beef; when warmed through add four beaten eggs; stir until cooked.

Broiled Codfish: Pick the codfish in small pieces, soak in cold water over night: boil till tender in sufficient water to cover; pour off the water and add milk: season with pepper and butter and thicken with flour stirred smooth in a little cold water.

Welsh Rarebit: Cut thin slices of bread, remove the crust, and toast quickly; butter it, and cover with thin slices of new cheese, spread over a very little made mustard, and put on a plate in a hot oven till the cheese is melted, then cut in square pieces and serve at once on a hot plate; the mustard can be omitted if desired. Another way is to dip the toast quickly, after buttering, into boiling ... have some chees... ready ... and ... over ea...

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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And the snow is in the air,
And the frost is in the sod,
And the yellow golden-rod,
Like a fading sunset light,
Withers in a blackening blight;
And the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow—
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,
When hearts in festal meetings chime.

When gay youth no longer sings
The clear carols of its spring,
And old age with stealthy tread
Up behind us steals, to the [...]
Winter sneaks up the head,
Yet with age's [...]
Brings a light whose steady glow,
With an inner radiance scorns
Thoughtless youth's best nights and morns.
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,
And awakes a lofter rhyme.

Then, for all that brings up life
With its chafing calm and strife
What I was—the given base
Upon which now can place
What poor [...]ture I may have wrought
Out of all my life and thought—
For the priceless providence
That hath made each nerve and sense
Of my boyhood but the germ
Of a growth more full and firm—
For the best inheritance
Of my parents' blood—for chance
Even, and fate and circumstance—
[...] joy and sorrow turned
[...]—for wisdom learned
[...] folly—faith from doubt:—
All wi[th] me or without
That [whic]h helped the spirit weak
Its best life and truth to seek:—
For this, and more that, blind,
I cannot recall to mind—
Thanks on this Thanksgiving day
I would render as I may:—
On this dull gray day when earth
Has no smile of spring or mirth,
As the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow.

Christopher P. Cranch.

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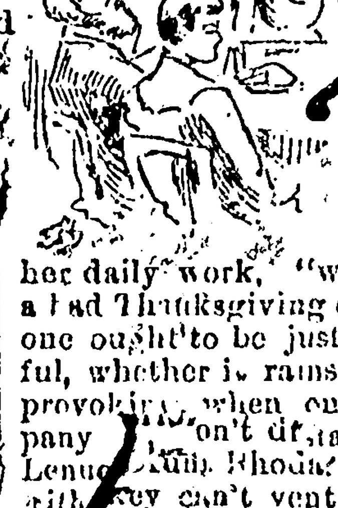
BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



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Toward night, however, the sun burst triumphantly through the clouds, lightning up the sombre aisles of the leafless woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the waves that broke sullenly on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. Elston.

And the burst [...] little roulades of seven [...] the red Bald[...]

Almost the entire bus[iness] [...] the town of the town of Ba[...] Cal., was destroyed by fire [...] Loss $1,250,000. Many [...] homeless.

[...] Starkey [...] lady for [...] neither cook [...]

Krousburg, S. Dakota, a [...] of fifty people, was visited by a terrific wind storm, Monday and [...] in the vil[lage] [...] school-mate, now the teacher [of the] nearest district school, and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the beach.

It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and [pla]tes, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dainty shade of pink—and the young [...] The [...] looking down the road, saw Frank [...] coming up from the wharf, a silhouette against the red glow of sky.

"I'll go and meet him," she said to [her]self.

For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all these graceful memories of the honeymoon time.

[...] Elston, the captain of the little [...] cleared between Bayport Land[ing] [...] toms of [...] large town, met her [...] red in [...]

[...] until then [...] in the basket [...] free [...] drug store and [...] tiptoe [...] Kidney [...] bottle of Dr. B[...] Large size 75 [...] will convince [...] weeks. This is [...] bottle [...] Kidney or Liver trouble [...] cure [...] anteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throat [...] for a free sample of Jackson's [...] Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by [...] W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

Advertise in [the] ITEM to draw trade

"What is it, Frank?" with a half-startled air.

"You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he.

"Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so I thought I'd just step up and give you a [...] warning."

"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going to stay?"

"There's boxes and boxes!" said Frank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Willett with his wheelbarrow to hoist 'em up to the house."

"But, Frank, who is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?"

"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock," said the Captain of the Sea Mew. "She comes from the State of Rhode Island, and she says she was a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you!"

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank. "Oh, I know now who it is Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and, oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her here!"

"All right, then," said Captain Elston; "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie—"

"Well?"

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil?"

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors!"

"Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his red comforter around his finger. "'Who is my neighbor?' That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer."

Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking.

"Don't put yourself out, my dear," said the Captain, "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble and—"

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie; "and she's my [...] I'll go back, Frank, and [...] one of my chicken-pies for supper [...] to have anything [...] cold [...]

[...] little girl!" said [...] touch to the stray locks which had escaped, like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red-worsted hood. "I know just how this sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the old lady."

But Lizzie could not help marveling a little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried-up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose and chin that met in close proximity.

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can jest remember you when you were a leetle girl, knee-high to a grasshopper, sewin' patch-work. Well, I m glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Sea air always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder," she added, as she began on her second wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a-makin' silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann—sewin' strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet-rags—and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow Desire Johnson's old room and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll be a pleasant winter's work for you and me—won't it, Elizabeth Ann? P'raps you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. "I need a little dark blue and saffron-color—terror-cotter they call it nowadays. Works in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked bewildered: but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" said he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

"It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desire Johnson didn't want me. She said [I] was too much care. Lucy [wa]s too fine a lady to notice her [...] Barby: and my Cousin Max[...] turned me out of doors. [...] Ann is her mother right [...] hearted creetur [...] I'm glad, I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll stay."

She said all this aloud, in her strange, croaking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it.

"Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know; she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly. "I think your duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of parti-colored silk strips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly interviewed them as to the cast-off silk-dress question.

Each was of a different opinion, but all were adverse to the stranger.

"Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it!" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. "An old crone like that, to come here and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never heard such impudence in my life!"

Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly.

"Barbara Babcock used to visit around in York State," said she, "when I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, and there warn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't like to undertake the care of her!"

"But she's old, Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her ef Elizabeth Ann sends her away."

"I won't send her away," said Lizzie. "She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and friendless ourselves some day."

"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't as much patience with the old creetur' as I should hev had, ef she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery-tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's advice. Barbara Babcock was as obstinate as a mule."

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to her friend.

"I think you are doing right, dear," she whispered.

So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely achievements; and just as they were sitting around the fire, cracking nuts and drinking home-brewed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a cry of terror.

"Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he. "She's got another stroke!"

It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her distorted face, and the words "Elizabeth A[nn]" quivering on her lips.

And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dismay.

"Ef she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be the best thing that could happen to her an' all her relations!"

But Miss Barbara Babcock did not [die. Sh]e lived on, all winter, into the time [...] to bloom and the [...] blossoms blushed [...] along the edges of the swamps.

[A]t this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the [bal]ls of vivid colored silk rags that Lizzie arranged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her.

"It'll make a dreadful pretty sort o' curtain," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizabeth Ann shall have 'em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly opened her eyes.

Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle-work in hand, by her side.

"Mind," said she, "them silk balls is Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed an' sealed in the paper under my pillow. Mind you don't forget!"

"Oh, I'll not forget," said placid Aunt Rhoda.

[...] the early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

"I don't want the silk [ra]gs," said Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint inheritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?"

"You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."

"No!" said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Proal and her loom for a month. And Melinda needs the work."

But when the balls of silk were unwound—there were a hundred of them, more or less—each ball was found to be wound on a ten-dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over. And every ten-dollar bill was Lizzie Elston's now.

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle Lemuel.

* * * * * *

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

"I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island! Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me."

The captain patted Lizzie's bright head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiving Day yet?" said he tenderly.

"Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

A Song of Thanksgiving.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To [...] with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie,
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Care for Ivory Trinkets.

Ivory ornaments, unless carefully cared for, become yellow. They are very easily cleaned and with a little trouble will look fresh and retain their luster for a long time. The simplest way to clean them is to brush them with a new tooth brush, but very sharp, to which a little soap is applied. Then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry it and brush until the luster reappears. A little alcohol poured upon the brush will increase this luster. If the trinket has become very yellow dry it in a gentle heat. The yellow will soon disappear and the ornament look as good as new.—*Mail and Express.*

Safety in Coal Oil.

The number of accidents from coal-oil lamps is as large as ever, and it is safe to say that in nearly every case a human being, who ought to know better, contributes the share of ignorance or carelessness which makes the accident possible. The blaze of burning coal-oil cuts into the human flesh like a knife. Nature at once tries to repair the damage by throwing off the injured flesh, but medical science knows of no way to prevent the contraction which ensues on the coming together of the healthy tissue after the sloughing off of the injured portions.

Few people seem to know on what a little thing the safety of a coal-oil lamp depends. The lighted wick causes the metal of the oil reservoir to become quite hot, hot enough to heat the oil and generate gas. If the gas cannot escape, the lamp will explode. To provide for its escape the lamp makers put a little metal chimney by the side of the wick holder, which permits a free passage for the gas from the oil reservoir to the outer air. The housekeeper's part consists in keeping the little chimney open. It is almost an invisible chimney, only to be seen by holding the burner to the li[ght]. Never buy a coal-oil lamp without s[eeing] that this chimney is present in the bu[rner]. —*American Cultivator.*

A Novel Dictionary.

How many of you have a dictio[nary] that has attended over 100 wedding[s, to] say nothing of parties, teas, etc.? [...] very many, I'll venture to say, bu[t let] me tell you about this noted diction[ary].

Thirty years ago, when mother [wa]s first married, she began to collect rec[ipes] for a cook book. For lack of anyth[ing] smaller [she t]ook an old unabridged [dic]tionary [...] largest size, cut out e[very] other [...] it, and began paste[d] [...] recipes she fro[m] [...] the [...] For instance, th[...] was [...] Look [...] devoted to puddings; [...] der the most [...] was a list of differ[ent] kinds [...] close [...] and the pages wh[ere] [...] found. Cakes form[ed] an[other] [...] No trou[ble] [...] meats another and on [...] list.

[...] as soon as the papers [...] been [...] hand [...] her would collect the[m] take [...] dictionary, scissors and pa[ste] [...] fully paste each recipe [...]

As time went by the book steadily filled, so when anyone wanted a recipe for any particular dish, the dictionary was sure to contain it. For example under the heading of tapioca pudding there were forty-seven recipes to be found and ninety-seven for making tomato catsup.

But among so many, how could we find what we wanted: you ask. In this way: When we had carefully tested a recipe and found it satisfactory we marked it by a star, thus *. If extra good it was marked by two stars, and unsurpassed three stars distinguished it.

But if, on the contrary, it was not satisfactory it was crossed off by a single line; two lines meant very bad, and three lines signified "positively uneatable." So by simply glancing over the page we can tell at once just what we want.

There is one objection to a cook [book] of this sort; it is so useful that every[one] wants to borrow it, and so it is seld[om at] home. Just make one and see i[f you] don't call it a "grand good thing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recipes.

Fried Mush: Boil corn meal in water until well cooked; pour into a buttered dish and let stand over night; in the morning remove from the dish whole, cut in slices and fry brown in butter.

To Corn Beef: Make a brine of a quart of coarse salt to three gallons of water; to this add a half pint of molasses and let stand a day before putting the beef in. Meat thus corned will be fit to eat in a week's time.

Fried Chicken: Put in a frying pan a tablespoonful each of lard and butter; when hot lay in the chicken cut open on the back; sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper; when a light brown turn it over and sprinkle again; cook slowly until done.

Minced Dried Beef With Eggs: Shave the beef and let stand in water over night to freshen; put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan and put in a pint of the beef; when warmed through add four beaten eggs; stir until cooked.

Broiled Codfish: Pick the codfish in small pieces, soak in cold water over night; boil till tender in sufficient water to cover; pour off the water and add milk; season with pepper and butter and thicken with flour stirred smooth in a little cold water.

Welsh Rarebit: Cut thin slices of bread, remove the crust, and toast quickly; butter it, and cover with thin slices of new cheese, spread over a very little made mustard, and put on a plate in a hot oven till the cheese is melted, then cut in square pieces and serve at once on a hot plate; the mustard can be omitted if desired. Another way is to dip the toast quickly, after buttering into boiling [...] have some cheese ready m[...] and [...] over ea[...]